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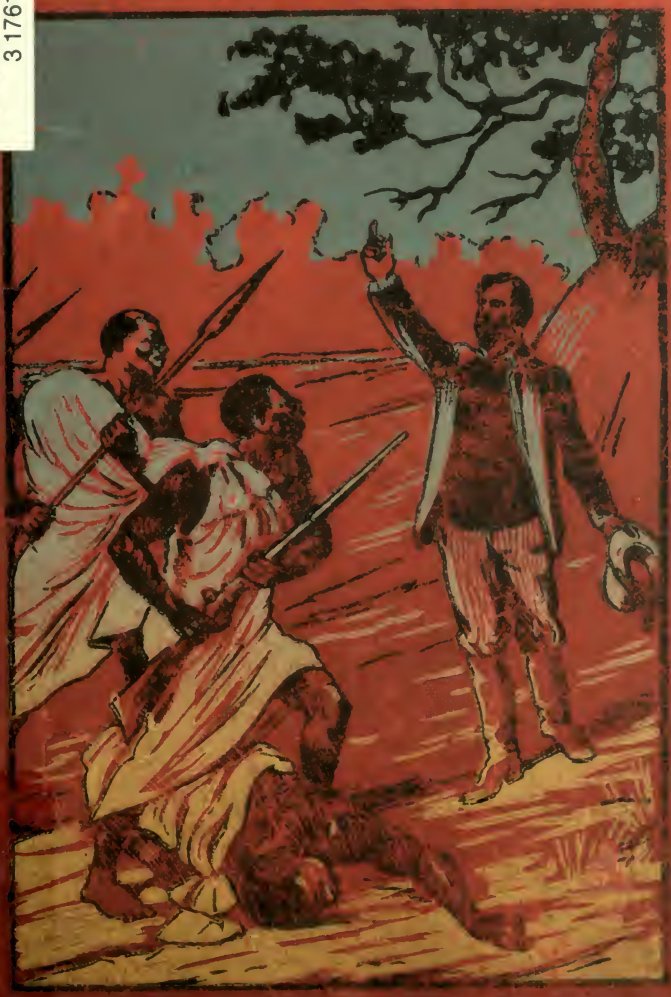

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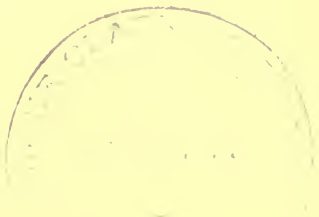

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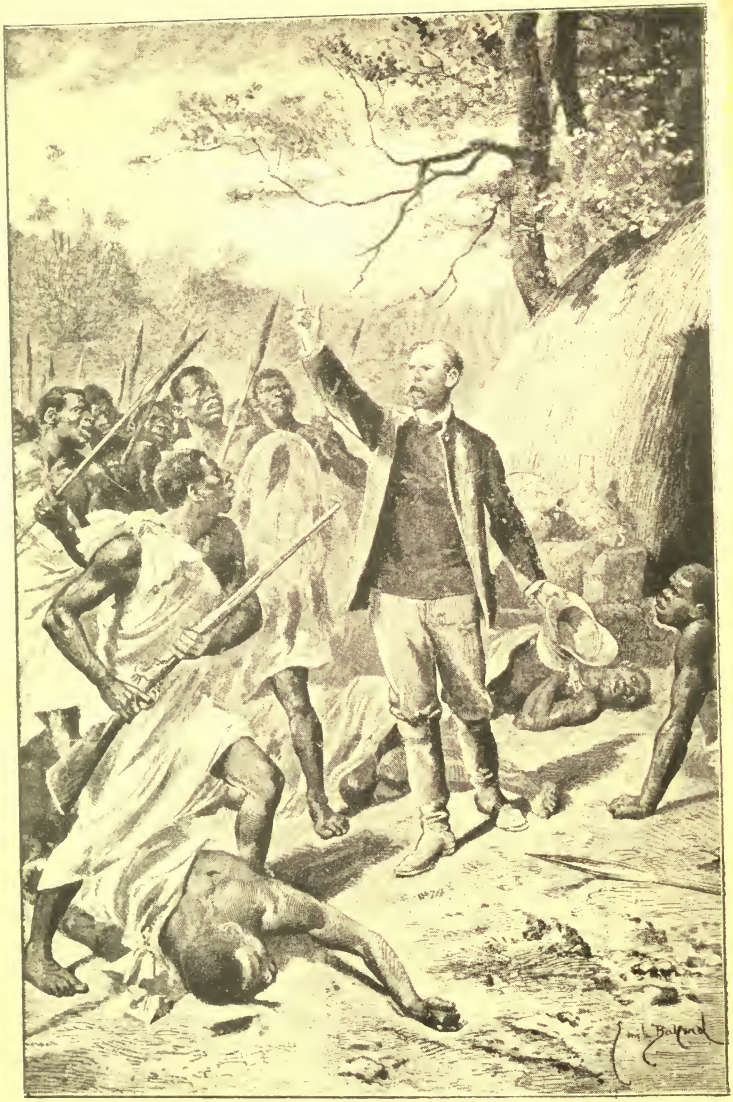
MISSIONARY HEROES



THE DEATH OF BISHOP HANNINGTON.

(He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the people of Uganda.)

[*See p.* 97.

MISSIONARY . . . . . HEROES

Stories of Heroism on the Mission Field

EDITED BY

CHARLES D. MICHAEL

AUTHOR OF 'HEROES ALL!' 'DEEDS OF DARING,' 'HEROINES!' ETC.

"There are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither."

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THERE is a sense in which every missionary is a hero; for heroism must be inherent in every man who, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, leaves home and relatives and friends and goes to a distant land to labour amid surroundings which, at their best, are not conducive to ease or comfort, and at their worst may be, and often are, positively dangerous.

The men whose deeds of heroism are recorded in this volume would themselves be the last to claim that they are in any degree more heroic than their brethren. The only difference between them and others is that, in their case, opportunity has been given them of witnessing for God in places and under circumstances which have made their bravery and self-sacrifice conspicuous. Had similar opportunities been given to others, doubtless they too would have shown similar bravery. For if there is one virtue more commonly characteristic of all missionaries than any other, it is that generous love for God and man which hesitates at no danger, shirks no personal risk or discomfort when the happiness or safety of others is in question.

From the days of St. Paul it has ever been the lot of missionaries to be "in perils oft." It is a lot which

they cheerfully and readily accept after all its drawbacks and disadvantages have been faithfully pointed out to them. No finer tribute to the power of the cross of Christ as a compelling force to deeds of self-sacrifice and devotion exists than that afforded by a young Christian who dedicates himself or herself to the life of a Christian missionary.

In a volume such as this it is of course impossible to exhaust so great a subject. All that can be attempted within such narrow limits is a selection of representative stories of heroism on the world's mission fields. Is it too much to hope that in the reading of these pages some may find an inspiration to give themselves to God's service? At home as well as abroad there is plenty of room for all who are willing to "tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King." Whether in any particular instance the telling of the message will involve deeds of conspicuous personal heroism, God alone knows; but it most certainly will involve self-sacrifice, self-effacement, a willingness on the part of the bearer of the message to do or endure anything, if by any means he or she may save some.

In this way, as well as in the wider sense to which allusion has already been made, every missionary is a hero, and is moreover a benefactor to all who are made cognizant of his or her self-sacrificing efforts for the good of others; for it is abundantly true that

> "Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
> Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
> Our hearts in glad surprise
> To higher levels rise."

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A MISSION JOURNEY IN MONGOLIA	13
PREVAILING PRAYER	25
A DOCTOR'S DEVOTION	34
THE STORY OF ELEANOR MACOMBER	41
FIGHTS AND CONQUESTS	47
THE STORY OF JOHN WILLIAMS	55
CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER	66
FROM SAVAGE TO SAINT	77
ONE OF THE MARTYRS	88
A GREAT MISTAKE	99
A LIFE LAID DOWN	107
SAVED BY A MISSIONARY	112
IN PERIL OF DEATH	120
A DANGEROUS DRINK	129
THE SHIPWRECK OF JENS HAVEN	132
PERSECUTED, BUT NOT FORSAKEN	143
FROM EVIL—GOOD	157
JOHN ANTES' ORDEAL	164

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

THE DEATH OF BISHOP HANNINGTON . . *Frontispiece*

THE FRESH SPRING CAME BUBBLING UP, AND HE BADE THEM COME AND DRINK 29

THE LEOPARD MADE A SPRING AT THE MISSIONARY . 51

FALLING BY THE SIDE OF HIS BOAT, HE GAVE UP HIS SOUL TO GOD 73

"MAKE THE PAPER TALK MORE! I WOULD FAIN KNOW ABOUT THIS JESUS!" 101

THE FRENCH SAILOR AT ONCE RECOGNISED THE PRISONER AS HIS DELIVERER, AND EMBRACED HIM . 115

IN THE MIDST OF STORM AND WRECK . . . 137

THE INDIANS MET THEM, AND AT ONCE OPENED FIRE UPON THEM 161

MISSIONARY HEROES

A MISSION JOURNEY IN MONGOLIA

It was on February 22, 1870, that James Gilmour set sail from Liverpool on the steamer *Dronied* for the scene of his labours as a missionary to the Mongolians, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. For twenty years he toiled amongst the people to whom he was sent—not a long time, perhaps, for a man to accomplish the work of his life; but in those twenty years James Gilmour did valiant service for God and man, and he has left behind him a noble record.

He received part of his training at Cheshunt College, under the Rev. H. R. Reynolds, D.D. In referring to his one-time student's work in Mongolia, Dr. Reynolds alludes to a special feature of it which was very characteristic of the devoted missionary's energy and enthusiasm. He tells how carefully Gilmour equipped himself for the work by "preparing himself by familiarity with the people, their ideas, their language and religion, for those almost historic bursts into the great desert and across the caravan routes to the huge fairs and the renowned temples, to the living lamas and famous shrines of the nomadic Mongols, incessantly

acting the part of travelling Hakim, itinerant book-vendor, and fiery preacher of the Gospel of Christ."

For a time Gilmour's home was at Peking; and he wrote as follows of one of his earliest ventures from Peking into the midst of the Mongols. Brief and unaffected as his words are, they yet show the spirit of the man, and testify at the same time to the hardships and difficulties that faced him at the very outset of his career.

"Eager to see some more of the country, and in the hope that I might be able to talk to him on the way, I hired a Mongol to carry my bedding and books, and made a descent on a village thirty miles away. The general cold of the winter was aggravated by a snow-storm which overtook us at the little market town, and I have no words to tell you how the cold felt that day as I paraded that one street. I sold a fair number of books, though my hands were too much benumbed almost to be able to hand the books out. I made some attempt at preaching, but the muscles were also benumbed. That *was* a *cold* day!

"I was turned out of two respectable inns at Bull Town because I was a foot-traveller—had no cart or animal, that is—and had to put up in a tramps' tavern because I came as a tramp."

In a private letter he thus writes of what he had to endure:—

"I had a good time in Mongolia; but it is so cold! Some of the days I spent in the markets were so very cold that my muscles seemed benumbed, and speech even was difficult. I met with some spiritual response, though, and with that I can stand cold. Eh! man, I

have got thin. I am feeding up at present. I left my medicines, books, etc., at Bull Town, and walked home, a donkey carrying my baggage, a distance of about three hundred miles, in seven and a half days, or about forty miles a day, and my feet were really very bad.

"At night I used to draw a woollen thread through the blisters. In the morning I 'hirpled' a little, but it was soon all right. I walked, not because I had not money to ride, but to get at the Mongol who was with me."

The following is an account, in the missionary's own words, of one of his memorable journeys—perhaps, in some respects, the most memorable of those "almost historic bursts into the great desert" referred to by Dr. Reynolds. The journey was undertaken in mid-winter, and involved exposure to dangers and hardships of no common kind. It illustrates in a very striking way his absolute devotion to duty and his almost pathetic disregard of his own personal comfort or convenience, while at the same time it affords a rare example of his zeal and enthusiasm as a bearer of the Master's message to perishing men:—

"On this occasion, partly owing to the shortness of the time at my disposal, which made it hardly worth while to set up an establishment, and partly owing to the peculiar season of the year, which would have made it difficult to find pasture for the travelling cattle, I determined to go on foot, without medicine, in a strictly spiritual capacity, and not seeking so much to make fresh acquaintances, or open up new ground, as to visit familiar localities, and see how far former evangelistic

attempts had produced any effect. In addition there were some individual Mongols who have been taught a good deal about Christianity, and on whom I wished once more, while there was still opportunity, to press the claims of Christ.

"Five cold days in a mule-litter brought me to Kalgan, and another day in a cart took me up over the pass and landed me in a Chinese inn on the Mongolian plain. This inn has no separate rooms; the guests all share the ample platform of the kitchen, and sleep on straw mats laid over the brickwork, which is heated by flues leading from fires on which their meals are cooked. The Chinese innkeeper was an old friend of mine, and he permitted me to share his room with him. From this as a centre, I was able to make expeditions to four Mongolian settlements.

"My first visit was made to a lama whom I have known for years, and who has been instructed in Christianity by others both before and since I made his acquaintance. He is a man of influence, wealth and leisure, and, though a priest, has a wife and child. I spent almost a whole day with him, and hardly know what to think about him. He seems to admit that there must be a God of the universe, and admits that Christ may be a revelation of Him, but in the same sense as Buddha was. From one part of his conversation I was almost led to believe that he had been praying to Jesus, but I could get him to make no such admission. I fear that the inquiring spirit of former years has given place to a spirit of indifference. He has everything he wants, he has little or no care, seemingly; he is content to let things drift, and keeps his mind easy.

If he were only waked up he might do much for his countrymen.

"My second visit was to a temple and cluster of tents, where I found some old aquaintances; was politely received, but nothing more.

"My third visit was to another cluster of tents where I was at once hailed as the doctor, and, *nolens volens*, compelled to examine and prescribe for a number of diseases. Some cures accomplished years before explained the enthusiasm of the friends there, but for spiritual results I looked in vain.

"My next expedition was to a place some miles—say eight—away. Some years ago, in stormy weather, Mrs. Gilmour and I, soaked out of our tent, had found shelter in the mud-house of a Mongol, who refused to take anything for the use of his building, remarking that we would be going and coming that way afterwards, and then we might give him a present of some foreign article or other. I had sent him a few things, but had never since personally visited him, and when I reached the settlement I was grieved to find that the old man was dead. His son, a lad of twenty-three, had succeeded to his estate and his small official dignity and emoluments, and received me in a most remarkably friendly way. He was just starting for home, but on seeing me gave up all idea of going away and, insisting on my staying in his tent for the night, spent the remainder of the day with me.

"Next day, slinging on one side a postman's brown bag containing my kit and provisions, on the other an angler's waterproof bag, with books, etc., and carrying from a stick over my shoulder a Chinaman's sheep-skin

coat, I left my landlord drinking the two ounces of hot Chinese whisky which formed the invariable introduction to his breakfast, turned my face northwards, and started for a twenty-three miles' walk to the settlement which, for some summers in succession, has furnished me with men and oxen for my annual journeys.

"Now, the Mongols are familiar with Russians, who, as tea-agents, reside in Kalgan; they have seen many passing foreign travellers on horses, camels, and in carts; they have seen missionary journeys performed on donkeys and in ox-carts; but I think that that morning for the first time had they seen a foreigner, with all his belongings hung about him, tramping the country after the manner of their own begging lamas.

"There were few people to meet on the road, but those I did meet asked the customary questions in tones of great surprise, received my answer with evident incredulity, and for the most part rode away, muttering to themselves, *You eldib eem*, which may be translated to mean, 'Strange affair.' My feet, through want of practice, I suppose, now showed symptoms of thinking this style of travelling as strange as the Mongols did, and were badly blistered long before the journey was over.

"An occasional rest and a bite of snow varied the painful monotony of the few last long miles; the river was reached at last, and crossing it, I was now in front of the cluster of huts I had come to visit, and on looking up, I was agreeably astonished to find that the first man to come out to meet me was the mandarin of the district. He was soon joined by others; and, rescued from the dogs, I was escorted to his tent, seated before

the fire, and supplied with a cup and full teapot. I had intended to drink tea in his tent only for form's sake; but his tea was good, the snow seemed only to have increased my thirst, the man himself was sincerely friendly; under the circumstances my stoicism broke down, and the mandarin's teapot was soon all but empty.

"Meanwhile his tent had been filling with friends and neighbours, to whom the news of my arrival had spread; and in a little while I had round me a representative from nearly every family in the village. Among the others came my two servants, the priest and the layman who had driven my ox-carts for me. Escorted by these, I went to another tent, rested there awhile, and then moved into a mud-built house. The priest I had come to visit was busy lighting a fire which would do nothing but smoke; and the room was soon full. Finding him alone I told him I had come to speak to him and my other friends about the salvation of their souls, and was pressing him to accept Christ, when a layman I knew entered.

"Without waiting for me to say anything, the priest related the drift of our conversation to the layman, who, tongs in hand, was trying to make the fire blaze. Blaze it would not, but sent forth an increasing volume of smoke; and the layman, invisible to us in the dense cloud, though only about two yards away, spoke up and said that for months he had been a scholar of Jesus; and that if the priest would join him they would become Christians together. Whether the priest would join him or not, his mind was made up, he would trust the Saviour.

"By this time the cloud of smoke had settled down lower still. I was lying flat on the platform, and the two men were crouching on the floor—I could just see dimly the bottom of their skin coats—but the place was beautiful to me as the gate of Heaven, and the words of the confession of Christ, from out the cloud of smoke, were inspiriting to me as if they had been spoken by an angel from out of a cloud of glory.

"But neighbours came in, duty called the blackman (layman) away, the evening meal had to be prepared and eaten, and it was not till late at night that I had an opportunity for a private talk with him who had confessed Christ; and even then it was not private, because we were within earshot of a family of people in their beds.

"Of all the countries I have visited, Mongolia is the most sparsely peopled, and yet it is, of all the places I have seen, the most difficult in which to get private conversation with any one. Everybody, even half-grown children, seems to think he has a perfect right to intrude on any and all conversation. Bar the door and deny admittance, and you would be suspected of hatching a plot. Take a man away for a stroll that you may talk to him in quiet, and you would be suspected of some dangerous enchantment.

"Remembering that one must always have some definite message or business to perform when he travels, and hoping to be able to do something with the same blackman, I had purposely left in the Chinese inn some presents which I could not well carry with me, and after a day's rest the blackman and I started to bring them. That gave us a twenty-three miles' private con-

versation and a good answer to all who demanded 'Where are you going?' 'What to do?' He gave me the history of the origin and growth of his belief in Christ. I taught him much he did not know, and at a lonely place we sat down and lifted our voices to heaven in prayer.

"It was the pleasantest walk I ever had in Mongolia, and at the same time the most painful. It was evident I could not walk back the next day, so, acting on my follower's advice, by a great effort I walked into the inn as if my feet were all right. We bargained for a cart, and, the Chinaman not suspecting the state of my feet, we got it at a reasonable rate. Mongols and Chinese joined in explaining to me how much time and labour I would have saved if I had hired a cart at first, taking everything with me, and not returned to the inn at all. From their point of view they were right; but the blackman and I looked at the thing from a different standpoint. We had accomplished our purpose, and felt that we could afford to let our neighbours plume themselves on their supposed superior wisdom.

"Another day's rest at this place gave me what I much wanted—an opportunity for a long quiet talk with the mandarin of the small tribe. I was particularly anxious to explain to him the true nature of Christianity, because the Mongol who professes Christianity lives under his jurisdiction, and I felt sure that a right understanding of the case might be of service in protecting the professor from troubles likely to come to him through men misunderstanding his case. The mandarin came. On my last visit I had been the means of curing him of a troublesome complaint over

which he had spent much time and money; in addition, I had brought him a present from England. He was perfectly friendly, and exceedingly attentive, and at the close of the conversation asked some questions which I thought evinced that he had somewhat entered into the spirit of the conversation. He is a man of few words, but from what he said I hope he feels something of the truth of Christianity.

"My next expedition was to a mandarin of wealth and rank, whose encampment occupies a commanding site on a mountain-side overlooking a large lake. I found him at home, and as he knows well the main doctrines of Christianity, my main mission to him at this time was to try and rouse him to earnestness of thought and action in regard to his personal relation to Christ. We spent a great part of the afternoon in earnest talking, and I was much pleased with the manner in which he, from time to time, explained to another mandarin who was there as guest, doctrines and facts which were alluded to in our conversation. Next morning he started on a journey in connection with the business of his office, and I returned to my friendly quarters, where I had left my belongings.

"I felt it laid upon me to visit two lamas at a temple some seventy miles from where I was, and started next day. I reached the temple in three days and found that both the lamas I had come to see were dead. So, as far as they were concerned, I was too late. Both on the road, however, and at the temple itself, I had good opportunities for preaching and teaching. I met some interesting men, and not only in tents where I was entertained as guest, but sometimes out in the open

desert stray travellers would meet me, dismount from their horses, and give me an occasion for Christian conversation. Five days completed this round, and after another day's rest I started back for Kalgan, escorted for ten miles by him who had professed Christ. We walked slowly, as we had much to say. Arrived at the parting place we sat down and prayed together. I then left, and the last I saw of the poor fellow, there he was, sitting in the same place still. I reached Kalgan without adventure, and returned to Peking on March 21, having been away just over a month."

That is James Gilmour's own record of what was in reality a most remarkable and hazardous journey. Those who read of it can hardly imagine the difficulties and dangers that it involved. The spirit that animated the brave missionary is that which alone can enable men and women to "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Christ Jesus" in the battle against heathenism in wild and desolate places. It is the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-effacement, which, filling men's minds and hearts, makes it possible for them to dare and do anything for the joy of adding even one to the number of those who know and love the Lord Jesus Christ.

Scarcely a word is said, it will be noticed, of hardships endured, of pain bravely borne, of toil and weariness, of the physical discomforts and the many disappointments of that month of lonely travel. Yet that all these things had to be faced is evident from the entries relating to this journey in his private diary, where references to blistered feet, and the dangers of the way are frequent. One extract from this diary will suffice

to prove this. On the day of his return to Peking he wrote thus:—

"*March* 21.—Left Pei Kuan at 4 a.m. Dark and snow. Terrible march over slipping stones. Nan Kou at 7 a.m. No donkey on such a snowy day. Stiff march. Shatto at 11.35. Terrible march to Shing Ho at 3 p.m. Terrible march to Tê Sheng Mên. Home at 6.10. Prayer meeting. Thanks be unto God for all His mercies."

"If by any means I might save some." That seems to have been the one thought and hope which inspired James Gilmour in all his efforts for the spread of the Gospel. No more devoted servant of God ever lived, nor one who was readier at all times to spend and be spent for the Master whom he loved and served.

PREVAILING PRAYER

THE life story of Dr. John C. Paton is one of the most stirring of modern times, and none can make its acquaintance without being made better in mind and heart.

Dr. Paton was born in a humble home in the south of Scotland, of parents who were marked for their sterling Christian character. Though poor in this world's goods they were rich in heavenly treasures. Their great aim in life was to pass on this wealth to their children, and in this they did not fail. The influence of their life and devotion was ever around their family, keeping them from many snares and pitfalls, and bringing them into touch with Heaven's King.

Young Paton was the first of eleven children; and, to lessen the family burden, was early sent to work as a farmer's boy. At the age of twelve he settled down to learn his father's trade of stocking-making. For fifteen hours a day he toiled at the loom, using his meal-hours and spare moments for the improvement of his mind. He had an ambition to be well fitted for the battle of life. Like the great Livingstone, he always had lesson-books within easy reach.

In the spring and autumn he hired himself out as a gardener and harvester, and even in this he was uncon-

sciously fitting himself for the arduous labours which, in after years, he was called upon to perform in distant lands. By hard work and strict economy he succeeded in saving as much money as covered his expenses during six months' study at Dumfries University; and his brief term of study there greatly increased his thirst for knowledge.

During all his toilings and efforts at self-improvement he was not unmindful of his higher nature. Heavenly influences seemed always around him. The good seed sown by his parents soon bore fruit. He was early led to give himself to Jesus Christ, and to consecrate his all wholly and fully to His service.

The time came when he had to leave home. An opening as a mission worker occurred in Glasgow for him. With a small bundle, containing his Bible, under his arm, he set out to walk to the great city. His father accompanied him for the first six miles. On parting from the lad, he took his hand saying, "God bless you, my son! Your father's God prosper you, and keep you from all evil!" Years after Dr. Paton declared that these words, in the hour of temptation, had been as a guard about his path.

For a time he managed to attend an educational seminary in Glasgow, where he ultimately became a teacher. Then, having saved the sum of ten pounds, he entered Glasgow University, and later settled down to work as a city missionary.

Speaking in later days of his life's battles during those years of struggle he said that "he committed his way and his future to the God of his father, and was not disappointed." Darknesses were dispelled, obstacles

removed, and crooked-looking ways made straight before him.

For ten years he went out into the closes and wynds of Glasgow, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of heaven. It was up-hill work for a time. Romanists, infidels, publicans and sinners combined against him. But with God on his side he had no fear. Success came and many were blessed by his mission. Drunkards were reformed, infidels burned their books, Romanists renounced their creed, and hundreds were led into the light of heaven.

Alongside of his mission work, Mr. Paton continued his studies in arts and divinity, and succeeded in obtaining training in the practical branches of medicine. All the time his heart was going out to the perishing heathen, and at the end of ten years he offered himself to the New Hebrides Mission and was accepted. For a time, with all the ardour and strength of his being, he devoted himself to special training, including several trades.

His parents, on hearing of his determination, lightened his heart by informing him that they had long ago given him up to God, and were satisfied that his going was right.

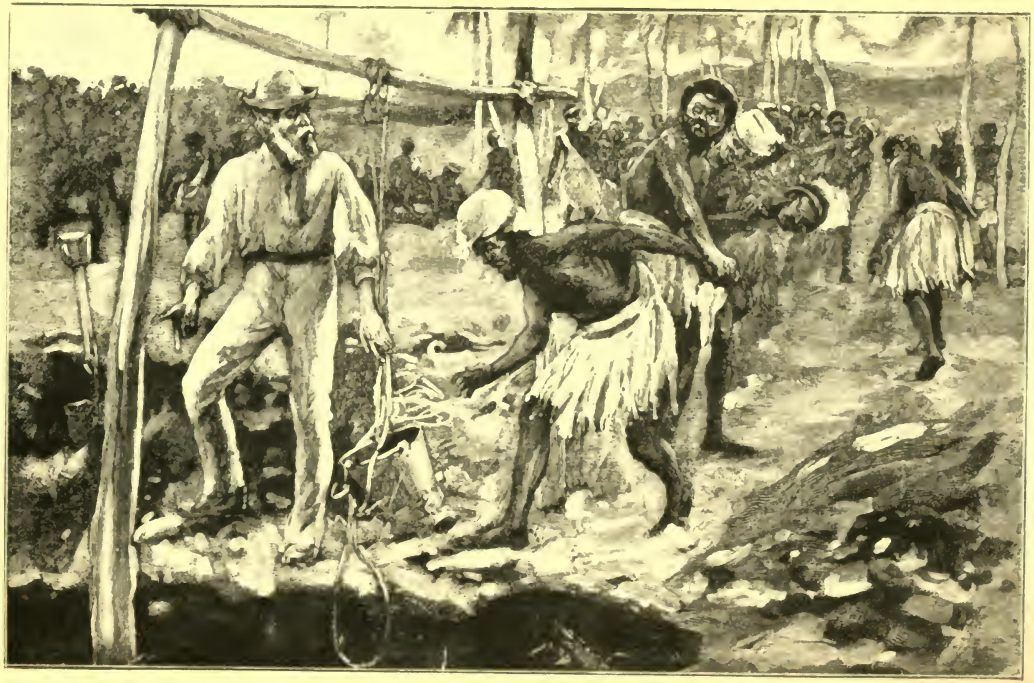
In the spring of 1858, along with a companion, he set out for the New Hebrides, and ultimately settled down in Tanna. Here commenced a series of trials, which only one with a boundless love for men and an unfaltering faith in God could have endured. The people were living in gross darkness and barbarism. Deeds of bloodshed, violence and dishonesty were witnessed on all hands. Every conceivable obstacle seemed to be put

in his way, and he was called upon to endure untold sufferings. In four months his wife and child were taken from him, and he had to dig their graves with his own hands. Soon after he was struck down with fever of unusual severity. On recovery he turned to his beloved work with admirable heroism, and in a short time had built up a station, and printed the first book in the language of the people.

Troublous times now arose. After three years' arduous toil, stirring adventure, and many hairbreadth escapes, he was driven from Tanna. With a breaking heart he said farewell to his "beloved cannibals," yet in the darkest moment he wrote, "I never doubted that ultimately the victory there, as elsewhere, would be on the side of Jesus." The victory did come, and to-day the dark island is wholly changed.

To make mission-work a success, Mr. Paton believed that a mission-ship was a necessity. With the object of raising funds for the purpose of procuring such a ship, he visited several countries, including his native land. Success attended his efforts. Wherever he went his story touched the hearts of men and roused an interest in missions such as had never before existed.

He floated the *Dayspring*, and returned to the islands in 1864. The new mission-ship visited island after island, and planted missionaries where others had failed or fallen. The Mission Synod of Australia, which had adopted Mr. Paton as the first missionary from that country, constrained him to turn aside from Tanna and to settle in Aniwa. Here for the next fifteen years the indomitable Scotsman toiled earnestly and lovingly. Houses were built, wells were sunk, and other improve-



"THE FRESH SPRING CAME BUBBLING UP, AND HE BADE THEM COME AND DRINK."

ments made, which had far-reaching influences. After incessant labour, the first Aniwa hymn-book was brought out, the first church raised, and schools established. The tide of victory had now set in, and it was a grand day for John G. Paton when he held the first communion in that heathen land. Many were turned from darkness to light in the course of a few years, to worship the true and living God.

Aniwa was won for Christ, but not without much suffering and many perils. Councils were held and decisions to put the missionary to death come to. The missionary station was frequently surrounded by savage men thirsting for his blood. But the Lord delivered His servant out of all his perils, and caused him to rejoice because of victory over sin and Satan.

One of the most remarkable answers to prayer in the history of Christian missions is recorded in connection with the sinking of a well in the face of these savages of Aniwa. In a time of great dearth, when the gods had been appealed to in vain, the brave missionary made the startling announcement: "I am going to sink a deep well down into the earth to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below."

They stood around watching him digging with unceasing labour, thought him mad, and, like the priests of Baal at Carmel, waited to see whether Jehovah would help His servant. For a long time he toiled apparently in vain, and across the eye of his faith came clouds of doubt, for he was working on a coral reef, and there was the possibility that when he did reach the water it might be salt. At last, when at his weakest, the answer came—a little moisture of the sand was to him as the

cloud the size of a man's hand; the fresh spring came bubbling up, and he bade them come and drink, saying, "Jehovah, my God, gave it out of His own earth in answer to our labour and prayers."

The idols of the people were burned, prayer and praise were heard in the homes, and a new social order soon prevailed.

The old *Dayspring* was wrecked, and the missionary tore himself away from his loved work to get another. A new ship was obtained, and this further extended the Kingdom of God. Later on he visited Australia, Britain, and America to raise £6,000 for a steam auxiliary ship for which the missionaries of the islands had pleaded as an absolute necessity. In less than eighteen months the price of the steamship was secured, and a fund of £3,000 to the good. For a number of years we find him visiting the churches in different lands, and creating an interest in missionary work.

The great dream of his life was to see a missionary and a band of well-trained native teachers on every island of the New Hebrides. To this end he devoted the declining years of his life, and in this he was wondrously blessed. On every hand are seen the results of his sacrificing labours. His day of sowing in tears has changed to a reaping with joy and thankfulness, because "the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a great nation."

Not always—perhaps, it might even be said, not often—is it given to those who devote their lives to the work of foreign missions, to see such fruit of their labour as did Dr. Paton. In this branch of Christian service it seems specially true that "one soweth and

another reapeth." But here, at least, is one instance in which, even in this life, God permitted His servant to see the result of his toil, and to rejoice over those whom he had been instrumental in bringing to a knowledge of the truth.

The one great motive power in this good man's life was faith in and loyalty to God, and love to man. Herein lies the secret of his success. Having made sure that he was in the right, he went forward, believing that God would carry him through. As the engineer lays hold of the forces of nature and drives his engine through even the granite basis of an Alp, so John G. Paton took hold of God and faced all opposition, difficulty and suffering. Realizing that one man with God on his side was in the majority, he did not fear the issue. In this he has set an example which all of us will do well to follow.

A DOCTOR'S DEVOTION

In all the annals of missionary heroism, no more touching story of complete self-surrender and whole-hearted devotion is to be found than that of Dr. John Bowie, medical missionary of Blantyre, East Africa.

As a boy he was quiet, reserved and shy; but that he had in him the making of a hero was amply proved in later years. It had been intended by his father that he should follow a business career, and a situation was found for him in a commercial house. But he was destined for other things.

From a very early age he had had an ambition to be a doctor; and he considerably astonished his father when one day he arrived home with the news that he had passed the preliminary medical examination, and begged that he might be allowed to continue his medical studies. His father wisely acceded to his request, and sent him to college, where his diligence and great natural ability won for him a large measure of success. He gained three gold medals, besides other distinctions; and thus abundantly justified his father's wisdom in allowing him to choose his own career.

After completing his college course he went to Vienna, where he made a special study of diseases of the ear and throat; and subsequently to London, where he

joined a relative already in practice as a doctor, and soon became a popular and busy medical man. In 1886 he married; and not long after, when, to human seeming, he had many happy, useful years before him as one of London's cleverest physicians, the call came to him to give up home and prospects, and volunteer for service as a medical missionary in Africa.

Already he had a sister, Mrs. D. Clement Scott, working with her husband in the mission field; and it was during a visit of these two devoted servants of God to this country that Dr. John Bowie was led to consecrate his life to the work of foreign missions, and to make it his business to "tell it out amongst the heathen that the Lord is King."

He wrote to the Convener of the Church of Scotland's Foreign Mission Committee, stating his willingness to serve as a medical missionary in East Africa. An appeal to the Church resulted in subscriptions to the amount of £2,600 being received within a fortnight. The sum was sufficient to pay for Dr. Bowie's outfit and passage to the scene of his future labours and to guarantee his salary for five years, and he was told that his offer was accepted.

Without delay he began preparations for his departure; and two months later, on April 14, 1887, he and his devoted wife left London. After an eventful voyage, and a still more eventful journey up country, they reached Blantyre—the scene of their future labours—at last in safety.

We have no space to give in detail the incidents of the long and tedious journey; but a description which Dr. Bowie wrote himself of the difficulties and dis-

comforts of one part of the way must not be passed over. From the seaport Quilimane they had to proceed up the Kwa-Kwa for about eighty miles; and he says:—

"The river is, in the rainy season, a tributary of the Zambezi, but in the dry season there is a mile or two of dry land between them. We went up in a small, open boat like a good-sized ordinary pleasure-boat, with a small box or hut in the centre, where we dined. Our crew consisted of eight black 'boys' or men, and a headman called a 'captain.' This man was supposed to speak and understand English, but didn't, so of course we had considerable difficulty and amusement in making ourselves understood.

"The journey was really 'roughing it.' For provisions for five days we had only some bread, four chickens (about the size of pigeons), some coffee, one pound tin of salt beef, and some water.

"Then we had to be all day and all night in our little rabbit-hutch, into which we could just manage to get our two deck chairs (which, luckily, were comfortable ones), and in these we had to recline all day and sleep all night. Only one of us could get off the chair at a time, and then the unfortunate individual had to kneel on the floor to avoid lifting the roof off. The floor consisted of about eight inches interval between the two chairs.

"However, we just made a picnic of the thing and enjoyed ourselves. We thought had we been at home such a time would have been considered a delightful adventure, so we just made home there—and really the river is very picturesque at some parts."

The faculty of making the best of things, so strikingly

shown in this brief extract from his diary, stood the brave doctor in good stead when he reached Blantyre. In a little while he had won his way to every heart, and his cheery optimism, and his unselfishness, no less than his wonderful medical skill, made him universally beloved. His life was a very busy one; but amidst it all he never for a moment forgot that it was his mission not only to heal the bodies of the sick, but to direct them to the great Healer of the souls of men.

And in his work he was supremely happy. To a relative who wrote asking if he regretted the step he had taken, he replied :—

"Do I regret leaving my cosy house in London, and my comfortable, well-fed patients, to take to a Central African house and unclothed, poorly fed blacks? To which I make answer in Scotch fashion by putting another question, 'Does a slave regret getting his freedom, and yearn for his chains once more? If he does, then he is not free; he is still a slave in all but name.' 'What has my change brought me?' I don't know how much; but it has taught me that 'our America' is here, or nowhere; that one can do God's work anywhere, provided one has the eye to see and the heart to feel—anywhere, I had almost said, better than in a comfortable London practice."

Strange indeed, and often altogether beyond human comprehension, are the ways of Providence. That such a life, so useful, so full of intense longing to labour for the good of others, should be suddenly cut short is more than we can understand. At the very outset of a career that promised so much, Dr. Bowie was taken from the work he loved; and the events which led to his death

are amongst the most pathetic, and at the same time the most noble and inspiring that missionary records afford.

For some days the mission had been stricken with a severe visitation of influenza, so malignant that many of the natives died; and the doctor, working day and night amongst the sick folks of his little community, became himself thoroughly exhausted and worn out. At length he too was attacked by the scourge and was for a time seriously ill. From that illness he never really recovered; and he was hardly convalescent when another and still more terrible malady made its appearance.

Associated with him in his work at Blantyre was one of his sisters, Mrs. Henderson, and one day she sent for him to come and see her little son, who was ailing. He found the child apparently happy, and full of life and spirits; but while examining him he looked into his mouth, and what he saw there blanched his face and brought to it a look of fear, almost of despair. Hardly dared he breathe the dread name of the sickness that had attacked the little one—Diphtheria!

All that night he sat by the child, who rapidly grew worse, until his agony and his struggle for breath became pitiful to witness. At last it became evident to the doctor that the only hope of saving the child's life lay in the operation known as tracheotomy; and he resolved that he would operate at daylight. He did so; and in order to remove the membrane was obliged to suck it out through the tube again and again. The risk of such a proceeding was of course tremendous; but it was neither the first nor the second time the doctor had risked his life—for black patients as well as white.

The relief to the little sufferer was great, but, alas! it was only temporary; the disease had got too firm and deep a hold for any human power to master it; and on the afternoon of the next day the little one died.

Scarcely was the funeral over on the following morning when Mrs. Henderson, worn out with grief and fatigue, collapsed, and the next day she too was stricken with the malady which had left her childless; and the day after that the doctor knew that he also was in its terrible grip.

With that calmness which can only come of sublime courage and faith in God, Dr. Bowie faced this awful situation. From his bed he sent orders for the two nearest doctors to be summoned—one was at a distance of sixty miles, the other lived four days' journey away. Then, having given all necessary directions, he patiently waited for help to come. Learning that his sister was worse, he got up and went to her house to do what he could for her; and again the next day he did the same.

At four o'clock that morning Dr. Scott, one of the two doctors who had been sent for, arrived. He had journeyed sixty miles through fearful rain, which had made travel all but impossible; but, weary though he was, he prepared at once to do his utmost for his colleague and Mrs. Henderson. The latter was now in so critical a state that, as in her little son's case, tracheotomy was the one hope of saving her life. But Dr. Scott had never performed the operation, and moreover in this case there were various complications which made it a matter of the greatest difficulty even for the most accomplished surgeon to undertake; and therefore Dr. Bowie insisted on doing it himself.

With a supreme effort he nerved himself for his task. From his dying bed he was carried to the bedside of his dying sister and there, with marvellous heroism, he rallied all his remaining strength for one final endeavour to save her life. But alas! his splendid bravery was of no avail. Hardly had Dr. Bowie regained his own bed when word was brought that his sister was worse. Once more he insisted on being carried to her side; and there, with brave words of hope and love he comforted and sustained her until the end. Three days later the devoted and heroic brother followed his sister to the unseen world.

To some it might seem pitiful and sad that the life of so brave a man should have ended so prematurely. And so, in a sense, it is. But in his death, no less than in his life, he glorified the God in whom he trusted; and the lesson of such a supreme self-sacrifice is one that must ever remain an inspiration and an incentive to others to spend and be spent for God and for the extension of His Kingdom on earth.

THE STORY OF ELEANOR MACOMBER

THE annals of missions are rich in records of devoted service on the part of women who have left home and friends to carry the message of the Gospel to the heathen. In most cases, however, these brave women have had an arm stronger than their own to lean upon, and have worked in company with husbands like-minded with themselves. But here and there the records show how a woman, alone and unaided, has ventured into the dark places of the earth, and has dared perils before which a strong man might quail, in order to preach Christ crucified to those who have never heard His name.

Such an one was Eleanor Macomber. With no one to share her difficulties and perplexities she crossed the ocean, a lonely, friendless woman; and on soil never before trodden by the foot of a Christian raised the banner of the Cross.

Eleanor Macomber was born at Lake Pleasant, Hamilton county, New York. Her first missionary enterprise was in connection with the Baptist Missionary Board of America, by whom she was sent as a teacher to the Ojibwas, in Michigan. After nearly four years of

this work her health failed, and she was compelled to resign her post. After two years' rest, however, she was able to resume her labours, and she became connected with the Karen Mission, which offered her a much wider field of labour than she had hitherto occupied.

In the autumn of 1836 she was appointed to a mission-station at Dong Yahn, about thirty-five miles from Maulmain; and here she toiled, practically alone, at a task which, to one less filled with faith and zeal, would have seemed absolutely hopeless. She found, on arriving at the scene of her future labours, that the people were utterly abandoned to all that was most wicked and vile; they seemed to be devoid of all moral sense, and entirely without the most elementary conception of honour or virtue.

Yet in this most unpromising field she began with splendid courage the work she had been sent to do. In the midst of this godless and depraved people she commenced at once the worship of God. She induced men and women to listen to the story of redeeming love, told with all a woman's sweetness and persuasiveness; she even prevailed upon a few of them to attend morning and evening prayers at her house; and she soon had a school of ten or a dozen pupils, eager to learn the truths she was so anxious to teach.

An interesting light is thrown upon Miss Macomber's introduction to her work by a missionary, Mr. Osgood, who accompanied her from Maulmain to her field of labour, and whose duty made it necessary for him to leave her there, an unprotected stranger, in the midst of a brutal, drunken community of heathen barbarians.

He writes as follows of her place of toil and her feelings on her arrival:—

"We ascended the Salwen River about twenty-five miles, and slept in our boats the first night. On the morning of the next day, December 20, we procured a guide and proceeded overland, following the line of the Zuagaben Mountains, to the house of one of the chiefs, about ten miles. The chief and most of the inhabitants were absent, attending the burning of a Burmese priest. I immediately despatched a messenger for him, and in the meantime took lodgings in his house, to await his return.

"Two or three men and several women and children spent the greater part of the afternoon and evening with us, hearing Miss Macomber read from the books which have already been written in their language. We, however, soon found that we had arrived at a most unpropitious time; for almost every man in the vicinity was in a state of intoxication.

"On the morning of the 21st, as the chief did not arrive, we decided to return about half-way to the river, with a view to exploring the country, and in hopes of meeting the chief on his return and holding a conference with him and several other principal men relative to the objects of the mission. Having proceeded as far as we intended, and waited some time in vain for his arrival, I concluded to go in person and endeavour to prevail upon him to return, as my business would not allow of protracted absence from home.

"On arriving at the place of the feast we found a large concourse of people, consisting of Burmese, Peguans, Karens, and Toung-thoos, who were assembled

upon an extensive plain to pay the last tribute of respect to the body of a Burmese priest that had been some months dead and was now to be burned. The body was mounted upon an immense car, decorated according to Burmese custom. Ropes, made of grass, and three or four hundred feet long, were attached to the car, and by means of these it was drawn about the place, levelling every obstacle in its course.

"After some little search we found the chief men, the objects of our quest, but so drunk that all our attempts to induce them to return with us were fruitless. We therefore returned to the house of the chief where we had lodged the previous night. In the evening the chief returned, but so intoxicated as to be entirely unfit to transact any business.

"We rose early on the following morning, to take advantage of the effect of the night's rest upon our host, and obtained the privilege of a few minutes' conversation. He gave us permission to build in any place we saw fit to select, but before I had fixed upon a place he was again missing. After selecting a place, and making the necessary preparations for building, I prepared to return to Maulmain.

"Until this time Miss Macomber had borne the trials of the journey, and the prospect of being left alone, without the least appearance of shrinking; but when the moment of separation came, the thought of being left, without a friend, in the midst of drunken people, and even in the house of a man completely besotted with drink, and at a distance of thirty miles or more from any civilized society, with scarcely a sufficient knowledge of the language to make known her wants, seemed

too much even for her brave spirit to endure ; and she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. She soon, however, recovered her self-possession, and resolved to cast herself upon the merciful protection of her Heavenly Father, and to pursue what seemed to her to be the path of duty."

How faithfully and strenuously the noble woman worked amidst her depressing and discouraging surroundings may be gathered from the fact that in less than one year a church of natives, converted through her instrumentality, was formed, and the people were marvellously changed beneath the influence of divine grace. Intemperance and other vices gradually disappeared, and morality, virtue and religion took their place. The Sabbath was respected, and in the jungle and thicket the voice of prayer was often heard. In a few months the little church planted through her instrumentality numbered more than twenty persons, who continued faithful to their new-found Lord.

This devoted servant of God was not permitted to labour long in the vineyard. At the age of thirty-nine she died in the midst of the people for whom she literally gave her life; and, short as the time was in which she had laboured amongst them, she had so won their love that they mourned her deeply. Many of the native women attended her funeral, crying "The mamma is dead ! the mamma is dead !" and with wails of sorrow surrounded her grave. They had listened to her counsels, they had experienced her kindness, they had partaken of her hospitality ; and even though many of them did not love the Saviour whom she so unweariedly preached to them, they mourned the death of His servant

whom they had grown to regard with respect and affection.

Others may have had a more exciting career in the mission field, but none certainly have ever put forth greater efforts in the Master's service than did Eleanor Macomber. She exerted herself as few others have done. The idea of performing such a work as she accomplished; of going, a defenceless woman, alone and unprotected into a besotted nation, among drunken and sensual people, and lifting them up to the privileges of a refined faith, a pure religion, is an idea worthy of an angel; and the fact that she carried out such an idea entitles Eleanor Macomber to take high rank amongst missionary heroines.

FIGHTS AND CONQUESTS

"You will see from my diary that I have baptized five Hottentots. . . . As to my circumstances here, you may represent me as one who has for four years already been keeping solitary watch for his Lord without being relieved, and who has vowed fidelity to Him to the last drop of his blood. He knows that I desire naught but Him, and that I count not my life dear unto myself. I want no rest for myself so long as my feet will carry me, but gladly leave my resting-place to the end of my warfare, and if I fall in the battle, so be it."

Only a hero could have written these words. They are from the the pen of George Schmidt, a Moravian missionary, and the pioneer of the noble band of devoted men and women who have given themselves to the work of Christianizing South Africa.

It was in July 1737 that Schmidt landed in Table Bay—a poor, friendless, solitary young man of twenty-seven. The task he had set himself was the conversion of the Hottentots—a formidable enough undertaking even in the most favourable circumstances; but an almost hopeless work for one man to grapple with. But Schmidt was confident that God had called him to the work; and therein lay his strength.

The utter depravity of the people, their appalling ignorance and savagery, would have deterred most men even at the last moment from settling amongst them with any hope of raising them morally or socially from the depths in which they lived. But the more Schmidt saw of their abandoned condition the more enthusiastic did he become for their reclamation; and thus it was, that after four years of ceaseless effort he was able to point with pride to a result which, in the case of one less full of zeal and faith, would have seemed pitifully small and inadequate.

It is painful to find that this devoted missionary met with much opposition from the very men who should have been a source of help to him. The clergy of the district in which he worked strongly resented his efforts on behalf of the Hottentots. Their own ministrations were confined to the Boers; and they could not understand why any man should trouble about men and women whom they were accustomed to regard as "black wares," and to look upon principally as articles of commerce. A striking indication of the way in which, in those far off days, the natives were treated, is provided in the fact that upon one church-door a notice was posted to the effect that "Hottentots and dogs are forbidden to enter."

But Schmidt worked bravely on, and in spite of all opposition he continued teaching the people, who by and by began to give him their confidence, and showed their faith in his endeavours on their behalf by allowing their children to attend the school which he established for their benefit. For six years he laboured unceasingly; but at the end of that time circumstances compelled his

return to his own country; and, through no fault of his own, he never returned to the scene of these early labours.

There was no doubt, however, that all through his life—he lived to the age of seventy-six—the work of South African missions was very near to his heart; and the seed which in loneliness and sorrow was sown upon such apparently unpromising soil by this devoted hero-missionary was destined to bear much fruit.

Not for fifty years after Schmidt's departure from South Africa were the Moravians permitted to make any renewal of their efforts to carry the Gospel of Christ to that dark and godless region; and during that long period no effort whatever was made on behalf of the poor, despised, ignorant Hottentots. In 1792, however, a band of Moravians went amongst them, and, curiously enough, settled at Bavian's Kloof, where Schmidt had built his house and established his lonely mission-station so many long years before.

These men have recorded that they found traces of Schmidt's work still amongst the people—faint, it is true, but yet unmistakable evidence of the Christian influence which had been at work, and which God had not permitted to die out. Following in the footsteps of their brave predecessor, these later missionaries soon had a splendidly-organized mission in working order; and the days of darkest heathenism were at an end.

Until the natives were at least to some extent civilized, it was not always safe to go amongst them; but a greater danger than any that menaced them from human kind had to be faced by the missionaries when, as often happened, it became necessary to hunt

the savage animals which infested the neighbourhood of their mission-station. One incident in this connection will serve to show how, literally, these brave men had at times to face death for the protection of themselves and those for whom they laboured.

Grune Kloof, a mission-station about forty miles from Cape Town, was much troubled by the incursions of leopards, who, made desperate by hunger, found their way into the yards of the natives, and carried off their cattle. The depredations of these savage creatures became at last so numerous and so serious that the missionaries resolved that they would try to destroy them.

Accordingly one day two of their number, Bonantz and Schmitt by name, started off with a following of about thirty Hottentots on a leopard hunt. After riding through the bush for about an hour they sighted a leopard, and fired at and wounded it. The animal, however, was not vitally hurt; and, screaming with rage and pain, made its escape. The hunters followed its trail for some time; but, not being able to discover its final hiding-place, they resolved at length to return to the settlement.

They had not proceeded far, however, when the Hottentots, who, more loth than they to abandon the chase, had remained behind to search still further for the leopard, cried out to them that they had found it in a thicket near at hand. Schmitt at once turned back, leaving Bonantz, who had no gun, to wait for him. The Hottentots had a dog with them; and no sooner had Schmitt joined them in the midst of the thicket than the dog started the leopard. The approach of the

infuriated creature so terrified the Hottentots that they incontinently ran away, with the exception of one of their number, who, braver than the rest, remained with the missionary. Schmitt and his companion had not yet seen their quarry, and they crept along cautiously and stealthily with their guns pointed, fearful lest the beast might spring upon them.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the leopard sprang out, and, fastening himself upon the Hottentot, forced the unfortunate man to the ground and began biting his face. Some idea of the strength of the animal may be gathered from the fact that the point whence he sprang upon the Hottentot was fully twenty feet from where the man was standing, and that in his spring he cleared bushes from six to eight feet high.

Then began a terrible fight for life between man and beast. Schmitt was afraid to use his gun, for the movements of the leopard were so rapid, and he had the man so closely in his grip, that an attempt to shoot the animal might easily have caused injury and perhaps death to the man. While Schmitt was looking on helplessly at the struggle, however, the leopard suddenly released his victim and made a spring at the missionary. So sudden and unexpected was this fresh attack that Schmitt had no opportunity of avoiding it. Throwing away his gun, which of course was useless at such close quarters, he instinctively raised his arm to protect his face. The arm was at once seized, close to the elbow. Schmitt was, however, able to grasp one of the animal's fore-paws, though he could not control any other of his enemy's limbs; and the animal, goaded to fresh fury by the missionary's efforts to defend himself, at last flung

him to the ground. They fell together, and fortunately in such a position that Schmitt was able to get his knee upon the leopard's stomach, and to exert such pressure upon the windpipe with one of his hands that the animal was almost powerless.

The Hottentot, terribly injured though he was, quickly took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him, and, snatching up the missionary's loaded gun from the ground, shot the leopard through the heart.

Though badly mauled, the missionary, to the joy of his friends, soon recovered from his wounds; and the Hottentot, too, seemed ultimately little the worse for his adventure.

Such an incident as this, common enough in the early days of mission work in South Africa, was not without its good effect upon the natives. "There must be good in these men," they argued, "or why should one of them risk his life to save one of us, when he could so easily have escaped by leaving the poor Hottentot to his fate?"

So even the perils of the missionary may be used as a means to open the heart of the heathen to the religion of Him who has taught us the duty and the blessedness of sacrifice.

THE STORY OF JOHN WILLIAMS

Missionary and Shipbuilder

No more stirring story of missionary enterprise and heroism has ever been told than that of brave John Williams, who dedicated his life to the work of spreading the Gospel amongst the South Sea Islanders, and whose name will live for all time as that of the Martyr of Erromanga.

In his youth John Williams gave little promise of that enthusiasm and intense religious fervour which so distinguished him in later years. At the age of eighteen he was working at a forge in City Road, London, as apprentice to Mr. Tonkin, an ironmonger. Being naturally of a sociable disposition, he made many friends, not all of whom were calculated to have a good influence over him. One Sunday, in 1814, he had arranged to go with a party of young men to spend the evening in a neighbouring tea-garden; and he was about to enter the place when the wife of his master, a godly woman who took an interest in the welfare of the young apprentice, happened to see him. Going up to him she urged him to give up the amusement he had contemplated, and go with her instead to the Moorfields Tabernacle. After a good deal of hesitation he consented, and that event proved to be the turning-point of his career.

So impressed was he with what he heard at the service in the Tabernacle that he resolved to give up the evil habits and associations which were threatening to ruin his life, and devote himself to better things. Not long afterwards he heard something about the efforts that were being made to send the Gospel to the South Sea Islanders, and he resolved to offer himself for the work. His employer willingly cancelled his indentures, and provided him with facilities for study. The London Missionary Society gladly accepted his offer of service; and so three years after the date of his conversion he set sail, with the young wife whom he had recently married, for the scene of his future labours.

Into the details of his splendid work we cannot enter; but one or two incidents stand out so prominently that they must be mentioned. He had not long been at work before he found that a small ship, to be entirely devoted to the work of the mission, would be an immense advantage. So strongly did he feel about this that, on his own responsibility, he purchased a small schooner of ninety tons which he considered suitable for the purpose he had in view. Owing, however, to the action of certain merchants who thought they saw a possibility of interference with their trading monopolies in the mission schooner, the London Missionary Society was obliged to instruct John Williams to dispose of his ship. This, as may be imagined, was a grievous disappointment to him, but he bore it bravely, and settled down to do the best he could without the vessel which would have been such a boon to him.

In the course of time an opportunity presented itself for visiting Rarotonga—an island where some years

before he had established a native teacher. He went there, with his wife and child, and remained some time, learning the language and teaching the people. When at length he decided to return, he found he might have to wait many months before a vessel called at the island. As a matter of fact, he did wait a long time—so long, in fact, that at last his patience was exhausted, and he resolved to build a ship himself. Think of it!—one man—the only civilized man in the community in which he found himself—calmly deciding to build a ship; with no tools or appliances for the undertaking but such as he might make or adapt for himself! He set to work without delay, and he found the knowledge he had acquired at Mr. Tonkin's forge very useful. But he had many difficulties to overcome; and his references to these in his "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands" form one of the most interesting chapters of missionary literature that have ever been written. Here, in his own words, is an account of one or two of them :—

"My first step," he says, "was to make a pair of smith's bellows, for it is well known that little can be done towards the building of a ship without a forge. We had but four goats on the island, and one of them was giving a little milk, which was too valuable to be dispensed with, so that three only were killed, and with their skins as a substitute for leather, I succeeded, after three or four days' labour, in making a pair of smith's bellows. These, however, did not answer very well. Indeed I found bellows-making a more difficult task than I had imagined, for I could not get the upper box to fill properly, in addition to which my bellows

drew in the fire. I examined publications upon mechanical arts, dictionaries, and encyclopædias, but not one book in our possession gave directions sufficiently explicit for the construction of so common an article."

At last, however, by taking to pieces an old English bellows which he happened to have with him, he managed to discover where he was wrong, and happy indeed was he when his task was satisfactorily accomplished. But his joy was short-lived, for one night the rats, which abounded on the island, discovered his treasure; and the next morning nothing remained of the precious bellows but the wooden frame-work. He at once set to work, and made another apparatus, this time entirely of wood! Surely, never did a shipbuilder work under such disadvantages.

"As we had no saw," he says, "we split the trees in half with wedges, and then the natives adzed them down with small hatchets which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used as a substitute for an adze.

"When we wanted a bent or twisted plank, having no apparatus for steaming it, we bent a piece of bamboo to the shape required, sent into the wood for a crooked tree, and, by splitting this in half, obtained two planks suited to our purpose. Having but little iron, we bored large auger-holes through the timbers, and also through the outer and inner plank of the vessel, and drove in wooden pins termed trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together. As a substitute for oakum we used what little cocoanut-husk we could obtain, and supplied the deficiency with dried banana-stumps, native cloth, or other substances which would answer the

purpose. For ropes we obtained the bark of the *hibiscus*, constructed a rope-machine, and prepared excellent cordage from that article. For sails, we used the mats on which the natives sleep, and quilted them that they might be strong enough to resist the wind. After making a turning-lathe, we found that the *aito*, or ironwood, answered remarkably well for the sheaves of blocks.

"By these means the whole was completed in fifteen weeks, when we launched a vessel about sixty feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, and called her *The Messenger of Peace*, which she has proved to be on many occasions. The hanging of the rudder occasioned me some difficulty, for, having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, we made them from a piece of a pickaxe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe. They answered exceedingly well; but, being doubtful of this, I prepared a substitute for a rudder, in case any part of it should give way."

The missionary made many voyages in his ship, which was not only the wonder and delight of the natives, but the admiration also of the crews of various vessels with which in the course of his travels he came into contact. Many adventures, too, he had, and on several occasions he narrowly escaped death by drowning. One exciting incident occurred during a visit which he paid to Rarotonga. The vessel was in harbour at Avarua, when word reached Mr. Williams that a hurricane was threatening. Already heavy seas were rolling into the harbour, and unless special precautions were taken, the vessel would probably suffer severely.

At once Mr. Williams hurried to Avarua, and with

the help of a number of natives raised a breakwater of stones about his ship. The stores were removed to what was thought to be a place of safety, and everything possible done for the protection of the vessel. He then returned to the station where he was staying with one of his colleagues, Mr. Pitman; but he had not long been there before a message came telling him that the sea was still rising, that the ship was bumping on the stones which had been raised round her as a protection, and that the roof which covered her had been washed away. Nothing, however, could be done that night; but the next morning Mr. Williams set out again for Avarua. How he got there, and what he found on his arrival, he thus tells:—

"In order to avoid walking knee-deep in water nearly all the way, and to escape the falling limbs of trees, which were being torn with violence from their trunks, I attempted to take the seaside path; but the wind and rain were so furious that I found it impossible to make any progress. I was therefore obliged to take the inland road; and by watching my opportunity, and running between the fallen trees, I escaped without injury.

"When about half-way I was met by some of my own workmen, who were coming to inform me of the fearful devastation going on at the settlement. 'The sea,' they said, 'had risen to a great height, and had swept away the storehouse and all its contents; the vessel was driven in against the bank, upon which she was lifted with every wave, and fell off again when it receded.'

"After a trying walk, thoroughly drenched, cold, and exhausted, I reached the settlement, which presented a scene of fearful desolation, the very sight of which filled

me with dismay. I supposed, indeed, that much damage had been done, but I little expected to behold the beautiful settlement, with its luxuriant groves, its broad pathway, and neat white cottages one mass of ruins, among which scarcely a house or tree was standing.

"The poor women were running about with their children, wildly looking for a place of safety, and the men were dragging their little property from beneath the ruins of their prostrate houses. The screams of the former and the shouts of the latter, together with the roaring sea, the pelting rain, the howling wind, the falling trees, and the infuriated appearance of the atmosphere, presented a spectacle the most sublime and terrible, which made us stand, and tremble, and adore.

"On reaching the chapel, I was rejoiced to see it standing; but as we were passing a resistless gust burst in the east end and proved the premonitory signal of its destruction. The new school-house was lying in ruins by its side. The Buzacotts' excellent dwelling, which stood upon a stone foundation, was rent and unroofed, the inmates had fled, and the few natives who could attend were busily employed in removing the goods to a place of safety.

"Shortly after my arrival a heavy sea burst in with devastating vengeance, and tore away the foundation of the chapel, which fell with a frightful crash. The same mighty wave rolled on in its destructive course, till it dashed against Mr. Buzacott's house, already mutilated with the storm, and laid it prostrate with the ground The chief's wife came and conducted Mrs. Buzacott to her habitation, which was then standing. But shortly

after they had reached it the sea began to dash against it, and the wind tore off the roof, so that our poor fugitive sister and her three little children were obliged to take refuge in the mountains.

"Accompanied by two or three faithful friends, amongst whom was the chief's wife, they waded nearly a mile through water, which in some places was several feet deep. On reaching the side of the hill where they expected a temporary shelter, they had the severe mortification of finding that a large tree had fallen upon it and crushed it. Again they pursued their watery way in search of a covert from the storm, and at length reached a hut which was crowded with women and children who had taken refuge in it. They were, however, gladly welcomed, and every possible assistance was rendered to alleviate their distress.

"Mr. Buzacott and myself had retired to a small house belonging to his servants, which we had endeavoured to secure with ropes, and into which all our books and property had been conveyed. One wave, however, dashed against it; we therefore sent off a box or two of books and clothes to the mountains, and waited with trembling anxiety to know what would become of us.

"The rain was still descending in deluging torrents; the angry lightning was darting its fiery streams amongst the dense black clouds which shrouded us in their gloom; the thunder, deep and loud, rolled and pealed through the heavens; and the whole island trembled to its very centre as the infuriated billows burst upon its shore.

"The crisis had arrived; this was the hour of our

greatest anxiety; but 'man's extremity is God's opportunity'; and never was the sentiment expressed in this beautiful sentence more signally illustrated than at this moment; for the wind shifted suddenly a few points to the west, which was the signal to the sea to cease its ravages and retire within its wonted limits; the storm was hushed, the lowering clouds began to disperse, and the sun, as a prisoner bursting forth from his dark dungeon, smiled upon us from above, and told us that God had not forgotten to be gracious.

"We now ventured to creep out of our hiding-places, and were appalled at beholding the fearful desolation that was spread around us. As soon as possible, I sent a messenger to obtain some information respecting my poor vessel, expecting that she had been shivered into a thousand pieces; but, to our astonishment, he returned with the intelligence that, although the bank, the schoolhouse and the vessel were all washed away together, the latter had been carried over a swamp and lodged amongst a grove of large chestnut trees several hundred yards inland, and yet appeared to have sustained no injury whatever! As soon as practicable I went myself, and was truly gratified at finding that the report was correct, and that the trees had stopped her wild progress; otherwise she would have been driven several hundred yards further, and have been sunk in a bog."

Evidently it was part of John Williams' creed that "things are never so bad but they might be worse!" Otherwise he could hardly have found much cause for gratification at finding his ship "several hundred yards inland," especially as he had no engineering appliances of any kind wherewith to drag her back to the shore.

But to the man who had built his own vessel under such circumstances and of such material as this brave, resourceful missionary had done, the difficulty in which he now found himself was comparatively quite a trivial affair. He summoned two thousand natives to his aid; and with these to assist him he organized a huge hauling operation, which resulted in *The Messenger of Peace* being pulled back to the shore, and finally re-floated.

Of the subsequent events in the history of this martyr for the faith we have no space to write in detail. In 1834 he returned to England after eighteen years of unceasing toil for the Master. He did not come back to rest, however. He stayed only long enough to rouse an intense interest amongst people of all classes in the work to which he was devoting himself so heroically, and then he went back again to resume his labours—and, alas! to fall a victim to the unreasoning ferocity of a savage race.

It was at Erromanga, one of the islands of the New Hebrides, that he met his death. He had gone there, as a pioneer, to take the message of salvation to a people whose known cruelty and treachery were such that his own followers begged him to abandon his purpose. But he felt that duty called him, and he was not to be deterred by any fear of danger to himself from carrying out what he believed to be God's command. He had scarcely reached the island, however, before he was struck down and cruelly clubbed to death by the natives, who, it is thought, took this means of avenging certain barbarities which had been practised on some of their number by the crew of a vessel which had visited the island some time previously.

So died one of the noblest and bravest men who ever proclaimed God's message in heathen ears. He died as he had lived, a hero; and the best testimony to the greatness and the enduring power of the work which he initiated and for which he gave his life, lies perhaps in the fact that on the very island which witnessed his martyrdom there is now a Christian community; and the God whom John Williams loved and served is worshipped by the descendants of those who slew the hero who first sought to take to them the "good tidings of great joy."

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER

Sailor and Saint

WHEN Captain Allen Gardiner died, a shock was felt in England similar to that caused when the news came that Gordon had perished at Khartoum. For in truth these two men were very much alike both in spirit and life, and they both finished their career under tragic circumstances. Gordon was a soldier and Gardiner a sailor; but more than this, they were engaged in a warfare whose weapons are not carnal, and the conflict was not waged against flesh and blood, but against those deeper, unseen enemies of the spiritual world. And they were heroes indeed, who have left the world records which are an inspiration to all true men.

It is rather more than a hundred years ago since Gardiner was born in a little Berkshire village, from which, as he grew up, he migrated to the Naval College at Portsmouth. In due time he entered the Service, and saw some exciting incidents of the American war, which was then, unhappily, being carried on. He was much as other young naval lieutenants were, gay, fearless, and with little regard for eternal things, and it was not until he had returned from one of his voyages and bought a Bible at a bookseller's shop in Portsmouth

that the great change came. He had a faithful Christian friend, who followed his wanderings with letters of counsel and warning, and all this influence in the good providence of God culminated in his conversion in August 1822. Subsequently he married and lived, when not on active service, at Gadshill and the Isle of Wight; but the death of his wife, at whose bedside he promised to devote himself to the work of God among the heathen, completely changed his future career. He rose from his knees with a mind made up, and his diaries show how thoroughly and yet humbly he was set on doing the will of God. He suspected his own heart, although a more unselfish man one could hardly imagine.

"Lord, I am laden with pride and selfishness. This is the sin which (Thou knowest) does most easily beset me. It is my burden. Save me from its galling yoke, and bring me wholly to submit myself cheerfully to Thy yoke, which is indeed easy, and Thy ways are pleasantness. Having put my hand to the plough, may I never turn back! May Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness!"

Never was a prayer more completely fulfilled in any man's life than this was in that of Captain Allen Gardiner.

His first work was in Africa—not at all the Africa then as we know it now. The English settlers were still a feeble folk. Dingaan, the chief of the Zulus, was giving much alarm by his threats. Gardiner felt that the key of the position would be gained if the heart of this savage heathen were turned to God, and he landed on the shores of Africa with the intention of making his

way unattended and unarmed to Dingaan's kraal and preaching to him the Gospel. This expedition was very hazardous, and his friends at home wagged their heads and said, "We shall never see poor Captain Gardiner again." But to Dingaan he came in due course, and the chief was much interested in hearing of the Bible. "Have you brought the Book?" he asked. A pocket Testament was produced, and Gardiner was commanded to read. The passages from the holy volume pointing out the power and omniscience of God, the nature of sin and the future day of judgment, much affected him. "Who is God?" he asked. "Whom will He judge?" "Will my people be at the judgment?" "Can I ever learn His Word?"

Gardiner lived with him many months and gained his respect, but unhappily his hopes were disappointed, as he never became a real Christian. He gave Gardiner the whole of the province of Natal, and the sailor missionary laid the plans whereby the little huts of the settlers became the future city of Durban. Gardiner preached to the Zulus, and did a deal of pioneer work in making a way for the missionaries who came to settle and establish stations. His journal, which is happily still preserved, abounds in exciting adventures and escapes from dangers of fire and flood, from wild beasts and even wilder men.

He tells us how long he had to wait before any progress could be made in getting the king's permission for the establishment of a mission. Months passed, and although Dingaan showed some interest in the subject of religion, it was a mere curiosity, and behind it was a jealous fear that the white man would only take advantage and seize upon his country. The greatest diversion this monarch

allowed himself was to show to Gardiner the discipline and valour of his troops, and again and again the whole army was marched past where the Englishman stood, to impress him with the greatness and power of their arms. Their antics were so droll that it was as much as Gardiner could do to keep from laughing, while the music, if so the noise might be called, was continuous and deafening, Dingaan asked very particularly after the English king, and wanted to know what his troops did to show their appreciation of his Majesty. Gardiner immediately tossed up his hat into the air and gave three cheers, which caused the Zulus immense satisfaction.

During this time Gardiner had given away nearly all his belongings, and was reduced to such straits that his whole baggage consisted of a pocket Testament and a spoon. A saddle formed his pillow, and his couch was the earthy floor of his hut. Still, he was supremely happy, and counted all things as loss so that he might be the means of winning some of these poor black people to the Cross of Christ.

At last a promised interview was granted, and Dingaan, with his indoonas, or principal counsellors, was ready to listen to Gardiner on the subject of a permanent mission being established. He produced his little Testament, and explained to them, as well as he was able, the way of salvation. But the counsellors had already made up their minds, and, with great force, expressed their disapprobation.

"We do not wish to learn it. If you will instruct us in the use of the musket you may stay."

And, on Dingaan being appealed to, his reply was, "I will not over-rule the decision of my indoonas."

This was a keen disappointment to Gardiner, and in writing to his friends at home upon it, he says:—

"Well it is for us that God's ways are not our ways; by such disappointments He not only proves and prepares the instruments by whom He often designs to work, but shows us that His purposes will ripen and unfold without their aid. I felt much comfort in repeating those beautiful lines of Cowper:—

> 'Wait for His promised aid,
> And if it tarry, wait;
> The promise may be long delayed,
> But cannot come too late.'"

On his journey back he passed through many perils, and it is astonishing that he was spared to survive such difficulties, except that he must have been destined to accomplish something for God in the future.

In the midst of thick mist he lost his way, and then came a thunderstorm of extraordinary violence, the lightning flashing around him like flames of fire. He quietly unsaddled his horse, and, sitting on a rock, prepared to pass the night where he was.

"Thus exposed," he writes, "without the remotest hope of assistance from my party, now several miles distant, I had recourse to that sure refuge, a throne of grace; and though the infidel may scoff, I will declare it for the encouragement of others and the glory of God, that He vouchsafed to hear my cry and delivered me. Through an opening in the mist I was soon afterwards enabled to perceive the route which it would be necessary for me to take in order to retrace my steps, on which I thankfully proceeded, although it became shortly after as thick as ever; but before I had gone far it again

entirely cleared up, and I was thus enabled, after a tedious walk and not till it was quite dark, to rejoin the wagons."

From thence he made his way to South America, to preach Christianity to the poor Indians, who were as sheep without a shepherd. He found the Church of Rome in possession, teaching idolatry in its worst forms, and his soul was shocked with the sin and darkness of ignorance which prevailed.

His work among the Indians of Chili was difficult, and to any one with less faith and patience than Gardiner it would have been utterly disheartening. Yet he went on, travelling with his family for miles over the stony steeps of the Corderillas, crossing rivers, and going in and out among the tents of the natives, distributing copies of the Testament in the Spanish language. It was an uphill task, but though he did not live to see much fruit of his labours, he laid the foundation of a work which has since been richly blessed.

In many cases, as he travelled through the country, he found bitter hostility from the Roman Catholic priests, who kept the natives in the dense darkness of superstition. On one occasion a certain Friar Manuel, like Alexander the coppersmith, greatly withstood him, and persuaded the authorities to refuse Gardiner's request that he might, with his family, settle in the neighbourhood. "He will infest all the Indians with heresy, and set them against us," was the Jesuit's plea.

But Gardiner was not the man to be easily baulked in his purpose. Under the guidance of a friendly gaucho, he pushed his horse on in the direction of Queule, where he had been told the Indians lived. After a journey of great hardship and not a little hazard, he emerged from

a thick jungle of bamboo with clothes all in tatters, and his skin scratched and pierced with thorns. Here, however, his eyes were gladdened by the neat cottages of the Indians, the patches of barley and potatoes, and the glitter of the distant sea. He was conducted to the Chief Wykepang, a short, stout personage, somewhat advanced in years. A conversation followed, from which Gardiner soon found that an intense hatred of everything Spanish existed in the native mind. Gardiner presently brought out his Bible, and spoke to the old chief about God, and how anxious he was to teach the people of His love to them. Wykepang was astonished to find his visitor possessed the book of God, but when later on the word "missionary" was mentioned, he took offence at once, thinking only of the Jesuits, who had made themselves so unpopular. "I do not want a missionary to teach my people," he said. It was a long time before Gardiner could prove to him how utterly different his mission was; but at last the Indian allowed him to stay the night, and in bidding him good-bye in the morning, he promised Gardiner he might come again without fear, when he had learnt the Indian language. But no Spanish, please.

Gardiner returned to England to speak of the needs of the dark continent of the West, and finally started the South America Missionary Society, devoting himself specially to the wild outcasts of the coast of Patagonia. These people, declared by Charles Darwin to be the worst specimens of humanity he had ever met, he laboured hard to save, and at last surrendered his own life on their shores as a token of his undying love for and interest in their salvation.

"FALLING BY THE SIDE OF HIS BOAT, HE GAVE UP HIS SOUL TO GOD."

He had made up a small party of men, noble and devoted as himself, who, in some small decked boats, sailed about the desolate islands of the Fuegian coast. Their first attempts met with little success, for the natives were savage and cruel, and the lonely and defenceless men were plundered of almost everything they possessed. After some wanderings and great privations, they finally landed at a bay where they might expect to meet with the ship of help which never appeared.

In these days of suffering and loneliness Gardiner was able to prepare an elaborate plan of the Patagonian Mission, with minute directions as to its conduct after he had gone. He also refreshed himself by composing hymns, which speak indeed of the tranquillity of his devout soul.

For a time these true-hearted men were able to keep together. But their provisions ran short, and they subsisted some weeks upon shell-fish and scraps of seaweed. One by one the brave company fell helpless on the strand and succumbed to their sufferings, until only their leader, his hands encased in some thick stockings, waited the end. Gardiner painted the rocks with texts, and buried papers in a bottle, with directions carved on the rock—"Go to Spaniard's Harbour, we are dying." But all in vain. So Gardiner was the last to die. Falling by the side of his boat, he gave up his soul to God.

His death by slow starvation is one of the most tragic and pathetic incidents of missionary history; and when the ship came, alas! too late to save him and his companions, his body was found beside the boat, and his

books and papers lay all strewn along the shore. The following words were found pencilled in his handwriting, and refer to the death of one of his companions:—

"I cannot leave the place where I am. Blessed be my Heavenly Father for the many mercies which I enjoy —a comfortable bed, no pain, or even cravings of hunger, though excessively weak, scarcely able to turn in my bed, at least it is a very great exertion; but I am, by His abounding grace, kept in perfect peace—refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed, and pray that I may receive the full blessing which it is doubtless designed to bestow."

"The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Monday at noon, and has not since returned—doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served so faithfully; yet a little while and through grace we may join that blessed throng to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous loving-kindness to me, a sinner!"

FROM SAVAGE TO SAINT

ABOUT half-a-century ago a British Admiral, for reasons which have nothing to do with this story, was ordered to British Columbia. During his stay there he was brought into frequent and close contact with the native Indians of the country, who at that time were utterly degraded and ignorant. So concerned was he about their pitiable condition that on his return to England he represented their needs to the Church Missionary Society and pleaded for spiritual help to be sent to them. His plea was successful, and the Society promptly sent an eager and earnest young missionary, Mr. William Duncan, to labour in this hitherto neglected corner of the world.

The missionary chosen for this ripe field for Christian enterprise seemed to be God's own man for the work. His enthusiasm dated from the day when his heart had been stirred by what he heard at a missionary meeting in a remote English village. The day had been so wet and cheerless that very few people ventured out to attend the meeting; and when the speaker saw how scanty an audience had assembled he felt inclined to abandon it. But he reflected that, after all, the few who had braved the weather deserved some return for

the discomfort they had endured, and so the meeting was held.

Amongst the little audience was William Duncan—the man who was fired by what he heard on that occasion with such an intense longing to take some active part in the work of proclaiming the Gospel message to heathen men and women; the man whom God chose as His instrument for the beginning of a great evangelistic effort in British Columbia.

In December 1856, only ten days after he had received his call from the Church Missionary Society, William Duncan set out for the scene of his future labours. It took him six months to arrive at his destination—Fort Simpson, a small settlement close to the sea, in the northern part of the country. The place consisted of about twenty houses belonging to English settlers interested in the fur trade, and over two hundred and fifty wooden shanties stretching in one long line close to the beach, where the Indians dwelt. This settlement was Mr. Duncan's first charge, and there he spent the first four years of his life as a missionary.

He found that Admiral Prevost's account of the natives had been in no way exaggerated. Their condition was simply deplorable. Cannibalism was a common practice amongst many of them, and—alas! that it should have to be recorded—they were addicted to many vices which they had learnt from the traders who had visited them from Christian—or at least civilized—lands.

The first work of the pioneer missionary was, necessarily, to make himself acquainted with the language of the people; and for this purpose he secured the services

of an Indian named Clah, who understood English, and was therefore able to teach him. So diligent and apt a pupil was he that in a very few months he had learnt some hundreds of Indian words, and was even able to write several short sentences in the native tongue.

Mr. Duncan was particularly fortunate in his choice of a teacher, for not only did Clah impart to him a knowledge of the language, but he also taught him much concerning the habits and customs, the prejudices and preferences of the people, that he could otherwise have learnt only by long experience amongst them. He learnt, amongst other things, that the horrible practice of cannibalism was not common to them all, but was confined to one section of the community, known amongst their fellows as "man-eaters." This section, was, however, numerically strong; and the missionary was an unwilling witness of their barbarous proceedings on the second day of his sojourn amongst them. The terrible sights which he saw might have deterred a man less resolute, less imbued with the spirit of true missionary zeal; but to Mr. Duncan they served only as an incentive, and caused him to resolve that if life and health were granted him, he would, God helping him, cause even these degraded creatures to turn from their evil ways.

He found that in addition to the "man-eaters" there was another class known as "dog-eaters"; and amongst these, too, practices prevailed which were revolting to the Christian mind, and which nothing but infinite patience and love would enable him to uproot. But from neither of these sections of the natives did he meet with anything like the opposition that he had to

contend against from quite another class, namely the medicine-men.

As is well known, every Indian tribe has in its midst a certain number of these medicine-men—so called not because of any medical skill they possess, but because they are supposed, by means of incantations and all kinds of superstitious mummeries, to be able to cause or avert any threatened calamity. They are regarded by the rest of the tribe with considerable awe, and are credited with supernatural powers which enable them either to help or hinder anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath.

When Mr. Duncan felt that he was sufficiently acquainted with the language of the Indians to be able to converse with them, he arranged a kind of pastoral visitation. Accompanied by his friend Clah, he went into about a hundred and forty of the Indians' houses, and was delighted with his kindly reception. He confesses that at first it was a little disconcerting, not to say alarming, to enter a house and find a group of half-naked savages squatting round a fire, all talking at once, making a deafening din, and taking not the slightest notice of their visitor. But this apparently was merely a part of their code of good manners. Suddenly, with no warning of any kind, the bewildering chatter would cease; everybody would turn and look at Mr. Duncan; and then, nodding and smiling at him, would murmur softly, "Good, kind person, good chief!"

This was encouraging; and having accomplished so much in the way of establishing friendly relations between himself and the natives, Mr. Duncan thought he might begin the active work of his ministry. With

the help of Clah he prepared a very simple sermon in Indian; and one Saturday he sent word to the principal chiefs of the settlement, telling them that he wanted to speak to them and their people, and asking them to arrange a meeting for him on the following day.

The chiefs readily consented to do this, and the next morning Mr. Duncan and Clah went to one of several houses which the chiefs had selected for the purpose, and there found that every preparation had been made for the meeting, and about a hundred people had assembled to hear what he had to say.

To every missionary who fully realizes the importance of his work, the occasion of his first sermon to a heathen congregation must be ever memorable; and one can understand the fears and misgivings which assailed this young enthusiast when he faced the assembly of savages who had gathered to hear from his lips the first words about God that had ever been uttered in their presence. For a moment his heart failed him, and almost he decided that he would speak in his own language, and get Clah to interpret it for him; but Clah was, strangely enough, almost as unnerved as his master; and Mr. Duncan soon saw that he must rely upon his own powers. Bidding the Indians shut the door, he knelt down before them all, and prayed silently to God for the help he needed; and then he began his sermon.

Never had preacher a more attentive congregation; and when, at the close of his sermon, Mr. Duncan asked them to kneel while he prayed for them, they did so, and remained quite quiet and orderly till the close of the brief service. From that house Mr. Duncan went on to another, where a fresh congregation awaited him,

and then to a third, and so on until he had conducted nine services. It was a long and in many ways a trying experience; but at the close of the day the tired preacher wrote:—"About eight or nine hundred souls will have heard me speak; and a great number of them, I feel certain, have understood the message. May the Lord make it the beginning of great good for this pitiable and long-lost people!"

During the week that followed Mr. Duncan made it his business to call upon each of the chiefs who had lent him their houses, and distributed amongst them small acknowledgments of his gratitude for their kindness—trifles such as caps and other articles that he had brought with him from England, and the chiefs were much pleased to find that he remembered their goodness.

Having thus gained the confidence and good-will of the Indians, Mr. Duncan decided to open a school. One of the chiefs, Legaic, at once offered his house for use as a school-room, and his offer was gratefully accepted. The Indians admired and envied the power of the white men; and as they were convinced that this power was derived from books and learning, their readiness to assist in the establishing of a school is easily understood. It had, however, one rather embarrassing and totally unlooked-for result; and Mr. Duncan was somewhat nonplussed when, on the opening day, fourteen or fifteen grown men and women presented themselves as scholars, in addition to about fifty children!

It was no part of the missionary's policy, however, to discourage the desire of his adult friends to acquire that knowledge which they fondly believed would give

them power; and so he arranged that the grown-ups should come to school every afternoon, and the children every morning. That arrangement, however, did not work very well; for the elders, despite their anxiety to learn, seemed diffident about coming to special classes arranged solely for their benefit; so in the end children and adults were taught together.

So popular did the school become, that in less than three months Mr. Duncan decided to build a school-house. A site was chosen, and in a very short time building operations were commenced on a piece of ground close to Legaic's house. In token of their appreciation of Mr. Duncan's efforts to teach them, the Indians not only gave their services in the building of the house, but offered quite voluntarily to provide the wood for the roof and flooring; and those whose poverty prevented them from obtaining materials in any other way, took planks from their own houses, and even the boards which formed their beds, to help on the work. In two months from the time the building was commenced, it was completed and furnished, and Mr. Duncan opened his new school with an attendance of fifty adult scholars and one hundred and forty children.

And it was now, when everything seemed so promising for the future success of his work, that the missionary's troubles began. For some time the medicine-men had viewed askance the work of education that was going on. Ignorant though they were, they yet had the shrewdness to understand that when Mr. Duncan's teaching began to bear fruit their occupation would be gone; and this view of the matter was strikingly confirmed when two or three of the chiefs

who had been greatly influenced by the instruction which Mr. Duncan had given them, declared openly that they would have nothing further to do with the medicine-men and their magic.

Autumn was approaching—the season when the medicine-men were most active; and as the days went by some even of the missionary's strongest supporters became obviously nervous and ill at ease. Amongst these was Legaic, who, though friendly to Mr. Duncan, was himself a medicine-man. One day he came to the missionary with a request that the school should be closed for a month, or at least a fortnight, while the medicine-season lasted, pleading that the noise of the children passing on their way to and from the school disturbed him and his companions at their work.

Mr. Duncan saw at once, however, that this was not merely a matter of obliging his friend Legaic. To close the school at such a time and on such a pretext would be practically to discredit his own work in the eyes of the natives, and to admit at least a tacit approval of the medicine-men and their methods. All this he explained to the chief, and told him he could not possibly yield to his request. Thereupon Legaic worked himself into a perfect frenzy of rage, and ended by threatening to shoot any children who dared to go to school the following day. His rage and his threats, however, were alike unavailing, and he was obliged to depart, defeated.

The next day school assembled as usual, and the morning passed uneventfully; but when the scholars had gathered together for their afternoon lessons, Legaic, accompanied by six other medicine men, all

grotesquely painted and feathered, appeared at the door, and demanded that the children should be at once dismissed.

Boldly confronting the intruders, Mr. Duncan asked them what they intended to do. Legaic, raving and stamping with rage, replied that unless the children were at once dismissed, and the school closed for at least four days, he would kill the missionary.

The position was a critical one. Mr. Duncan was alone and defenceless, entirely at the mercy of a set of frenzied savages who had undoubtedly the power and apparently the will to kill him. Yet to give way at such a crisis would probably mean the undoing of all that many months of patient endeavour had accomplished, and the losing of prestige and influence that it would be exceedingly difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to regain.

In a moment the brave young missionary's mind was made up. At whatever risk to himself, even at the cost of life itself if need be, he must do what he believed to be his duty as God's minister. Fearlessly and quietly he confronted the savage chief and his companions and reminded them that God was his master; that he must obey God rather than them; that he knew their practices were evil, and that therefore he could not countenance them in any way.

Then the chief pointed to himself and to two of his companions, exclaiming: "I am a murderer, and so are you, and you. Of what use is it for us to come to school?" At once Mr. Duncan reminded them that God's mercy was wide enough for the pardon even of

such sins as theirs, and urged them to give up their evil ways and become Christians.

But Legaic was not to be moved from his purpose by any such appeal. For more than an hour he and his friends remained in the school, demanding and threatening. But Mr. Duncan, fully determined not to give way, never wavered for an instant; and at last, to his great surprise and infinite relief, his unwelcome visitors ceased their clamour and went away.

Not till afterwards did Mr. Duncan discover that it was his friend and teacher Clah who had saved his life during that hour of peril. Although still a heathen, Clah had become greatly attached to his master. He was aware of the attempt that was to be made that afternoon to compel the missionary to comply with the demands of the medicine-men; and fearing that mischief might befall Mr. Duncan, he had gone to the school carrying a pistol under the blanket which, after the manner of his kind, he wore over his shoulders. Unknown to Mr. Duncan, he took up his position behind him, facing the chiefs. It was not long before the faithful Indian found an opportunity of making Legaic aware of the weapon that he held in his hand; and from that moment the chief dared to do no more than try to frighten the missionary into submission. When he found he had set himself an impossible task he could do nothing but retire, baffled and defeated.

From that memorable afternoon the power of the medicine-men declined. The school was continued, without further molestation, but in another building; and several of the chiefs who had long been hesitating

whether to transfer their allegiance from the medicine-men to Mr. Duncan now boldly ranged themselves on his side. For to savage as to civilized man courage appeals, and even the heathen loves a hero.

For some years Mr. Duncan was privileged to continue his good work amongst the Indians of British Columbia, and considerable success attended his efforts on their behalf; but perhaps of all the conversions traceable to his ministry none gave him quite so much joy as that of Legaic, who became in his turn a missionary amongst his own countrymen, and Mr. Duncan's staunch friend and helper in spreading abroad the good news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

The power of the Gospel! Who can estimate it? Under its mighty influence evil becomes hateful to those who once delighted in it, and even the savage becomes a saint.

ONE OF THE MARTYRS

ENGLISHMEN are not generally found wanting in courage or enterprise. Volunteers have always been forthcoming, in almost any numbers, to carry out whatever has commended itself to the national mind. No matter how hazardous the task, men have been found to undertake it. The graves of Britons who sought for glory in arms, thickly stud the battle-fields of Europe, the desert sands of Egypt, the plains and mountain-passes of India, and the mangrove-lined shores of many a pestiferous Eastern creek. Rough tablets are to be found in almost all the most inaccessible parts of the earth, marking the spots where British explorers, undaunted by the fate of their predecessors, have left their bones amid the awful solitudes of the polar ice, or in the waterless and foodless wilds of Central Australia; or wherever else British pluck and indomitable energy have sought to do what every other man has failed to achieve.

When there is a thing to be done, some Briton is sure to be found who will not rest until he has done it. Our old nursery rhyme tells us how the Ogre, sniffing the presence of a stranger in his grim domain, at once guessed the nationality of the bold intruder—

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

None other, surely, would have ventured up the Beanstalk to seek his fortune in the great unknown!

How are we to account, then, for the fact that, until within comparatively recent years, almost none of our countrymen were found hazarding their lives in "the dark places of the earth" to plant the Cross upon new soil? Clearly it was not that they were afraid. We are driven to the conclusion that the cause of Jesus Christ had not laid hold upon the heart of the nation. But we are thankful to know that there has of late been a great increase of missionary zeal. Missionaries are now to be counted by hundreds where sixty years ago they might have been numbered by tens, and where a hundred years ago they would not have been found even in units; but still the cry is for more. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

Yet there is no lack of brave and devoted men in the Churches of Britain, and we rejoice to remember that our land has contributed not a few names to the roll of the noble army of martyrs. But when the heart of the Church of God beats in true response to the last command of her Lord, men will not go out into the mission-field by ones and twos, but Christians will offer themselves freely, and in ever-increasing numbers, and will emulate the brave and noble heroes and martyrs of the past in bearing the standard of God's Peace throughout the length and breadth of the wide world.

The frontispiece to this volume depicts the last moments of one of the noblest and bravest of missionary martyrs—Bishop Hannington. Let us try to depict what sort of a man he was, and how it came to pass that he heard and obeyed God's call to the work of a missionary.

James Hannington was born at Hurstpierpoint, near Brighton, on the 3rd of September, 1847. He was a high-spirited, manly boy, who delighted in out-door exercises and adventure of every kind. His father owned a fine sailing yacht of over 200 tons, and he made many voyages in her to Norway, Russia, and the Mediterranean. He thus became an accomplished seaman, and could be thoroughly trusted to navigate a vessel during a storm. He was a bold rider to hounds, and a keen sportsman. Many of the entries in the journals which he kept during his boyish years record the number of "birds" which fell to his unerring gun. When only sixteen he was made a lieutenant in the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteer Corps, and at eighteen received his commission as captain.

Hannington early showed signs of thoughtfulness, and, though very giddy and volatile, was never wholly insensible to the claims of religion. When he was twenty-one he received his parents' permission to study for Holy Orders. With this end in view he matriculated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, where he made himself a great favourite with everybody, and was an acknowledged leader amongst the undergraduates. He became captain of the college boat, and president of the social club. Much of his time was also spent at Martinhoe, in the wild north of Devonshire, where he distinguished himself as a bold climber of the perilous cliffs which overhang that ironbound coast.

After taking his degree he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Exeter in 1874, and entered upon his ministerial duties as curate of Martinhoe. Here he soon succeeded in attaching the people to him in a very

remarkable manner. He had some knowledge of medicine, and won a high reputation among the country folks as a healer. He was in the truest sense a friend of the poor. He despised none but the mean, the cowardly, or the vicious; and treated every honest, upright man, however lowly his estate, as a brother. This geniality was quite real and spontaneous on his part, and, both at Martinhoe, and afterwards at Hurstpierpoint, he won the hearts of young and old as few clergymen are able to do.

At this time, however, he had not himself found the secret of Eternal Life. He was conscious that, though deeply in earnest, he was not yet accepted of God through Jesus Christ. Shortly before his ordination a college friend had written to him, urging him to surrender his heart to the Saviour of the world. This letter had made a deep impression on him, though he had not replied to it. Being in great distress of mind, he now determined to do so, and a correspondence followed which resulted in his conversion. From that moment the whole tone of his life and ministry was altered. He was filled with the desire to make others partakers with him of the heavenly treasure. Soon after his own conversion an old man died at Martinhoe with these words on his lips, "*I love Mr. Hannington.*" "Oh," wrote his pastor in his private diary, "that it had only been "I love the Lord Jesus!"

In the grounds of his father's house at Hurstpierpoint stood the private chapel of St. George, to which was attached a district. Hannington was appointed to the charge of this church and district in 1875, and there he remained until his first missionary journey to

Africa. He was devoted to his work, and wrought a great change among the people. Both he himself and his possessions were always spent in their service.

He had no stipend of any kind, and lived entirely upon his own private fortune, which was not a large one. He soon sold his horse, and gave up his favourite pastime of riding, in order that he might turn his stable and coach-house into a mission-hall, where he might hold his numerous and largely-attended classes and meetings. The working-men both loved and admired him, and the lads of the village were always made welcome at his house. Quite a number of boys, who have since succeeded well in life, received their first start from his wise and kindly hand.

He was a great temperance man. In spite of determined opposition he pressed the temperance cause upon the people of Hurst, and succeeded in establishing a thriving branch of the Church of England Temperance Society there. The folk knew him familiarly amongst themselves as "Jemmy," but there was no squire in the neighbourhood whom they more heartily respected. He was a born leader. The popular workman's club which he founded remains to testify to the hold which he gained upon the people and the confidence which he inspired in them.

It was in 1878 that Hannington's heart was first moved with any definite desire to offer himself for missionary work. The news had then reached home of the death of those two heroic Christian pioneers, Lieutenant Thergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill, who were killed during a night attack by a hostile tribe, on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza, in the centre of Africa.

Hannington was deeply moved. He says, "I longed to offer myself to go in their place."

It was not, however, until nearly four years later that the way was opened out for him to do so. We have not space here to describe in detail how he was led, step by step, to the conclusion that God had called him to this special work; it must be sufficient to say that early in 1882 he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society for five years' work in Uganda. He did not ask for any salary. He proposed, on the contrary, to give £100 a year toward his own travelling expenses, and £50 toward his missionary outfit. His offer was accepted by the Society, and he was appointed to the leadership of a party of missionaries who were just starting for the interior of the Dark Continent.

Amid the tears and prayers of his congregation at Hurst he left for Africa in May 1882. It is altogether impossible for us to follow him during his eventful march through the great wilderness. Suffice it to say that he was prostrated by fever quite early on the long journey, and was left half-way between the coast and the lake for a dying man. His immense energy and determination, however, enabled him to rise and struggle forward, and he actually reached the Nyanza, and after many thrilling adventures and some hairbreadth escapes commenced the canoe voyage across the Lake to Uganda.

But he could go no further. He wrote in his diary:— "Very ill with dysentery and violent internal pain; my liver, too, is in such a state that I have to walk with my hands tied to my neck to prevent my arms moving, as their least motion gives me intense pain." He was

compelled by his fellow-travellers to retrace his steps. The history of his return journey to the coast is a record of heroic endurance, sustained by an unwavering trust in the love and power of God. More than once he was left for dead by his bearers, who refused to trouble themselves with a corpse. Each time he revived sufficiently to crawl after them into the camp.

When at length Hannington reached home in June 1883, the doctors were unanimous in forbidding him to entertain any thought of returning at any time to Africa. His heart, however, was in that dark land. He never ceased to pray that the way might be opened for him to go back. He devoted all his available time to pleading for the missionary cause at home. At last, to his immense joy, his health so far improved that the medical board of the Church Missionary Society consented that he might venture to resume his African labours.

The Church was seeking a suitable man to be appointed as the first Bishop of Central Equatorial Africa. There could be little doubt as to who possessed most qualifications for that arduous post. Hannington was therefore consecrated to the bishopric in June 1884.

Within a year and a half his body lay dead on African soil. But how much he accomplished during that brief episcopate! He was never idle for an instant. Every moment was occupied, and his labours can only be characterized as immense. A glance at a good modern map of Africa will reveal to our readers how vast is the tract of land over the missionary churches of which he had the superintendence. His huge diocese was

composed of a circle of stations which lay like beads upon a string of more than 1,200 miles. One of the Bishop's first expeditions, after he had put matters right at Frere Town, was to the celebrated mountain, Kilima-njaro, whose summit is capped with perpetual ice and snow beneath the burning sun of Africa. There he planted the Cross of Christ, and established a mission.

His next thought was to penetrate to Uganda, at the northern end of the Victoria Nyanza, in order that he might visit and encourage the native church there. The history of the little church in Uganda reminds one of the early days of Christianity—so bitter had been the persecution, and so nobly and faithfully had it been endured. Three Christian boys were burned to death, singing the praises of Jesus to the last in the flames.

Thirty-two converts were heaped into one great sacrifice and burned alive. Yet the people continued to confess Christ boldly, and to beg for baptism! The Bishop did not know all that was happening in that distant land, but he knew enough to assure him that his presence was much needed there, and he resolved that he would not put off his journey a day later than was absolutely necessary.

Alas! Mwanga, the king, and his council of chiefs, had determined that no white man should approach their country by the route which the Bishop had chosen as the most healthy and the most direct. Much less would they permit the chief of the persecuted Christians to visit them. In their ignorance they suspected the Messenger of Peace as though he were the

arch-enemy of their land. They resolved to intercept him and to put him to death.

The Bishop's remarkable journey through the almost unexplored land of the Masai, and his passage across the mountains into Usoga have been fully described in his biography. It is the very romance of travel. At last, with infinite difficulty, he reached the frontier of Usoga, and, leaving behind the greater part of his caravan, he proceeded, with only fifty men, to make his way to the Nile, beyond which lay the town he sought. He went forward, full of faith in God, and prepared for any fate, but, of course, in entire ignorance of the decree which had been pronounced against his life.

The first intimation he received of the terrible danger in which he stood was when he had almost reached the end of his journey. He was within half-an-hour of the Nile, and was standing upon a hill from which he might command the prospect of the great Lake and the issuing river, when he was suddenly attacked by a band of ruffians. These threw him upon the ground, stripped him of all valuables, and dragged him violently for some miles, till, all breathless and bruised, with his clothes torn from his body and covered with mud, he was thrown into a filthy grass hut within a high enclosure.

There he lay for a week, amid heat, dirt and stench indescribable. He was moreover so bruised and shaken that he could scarcely stand upright; but during all these awful days his mind was kept at peace by his simple trust in his God. His Bible remained with him, and his last diary records how the sweet

words of the Psalms gave him daily comfort and support. Indeed, it was the one consolation of the last few sad and terrible days of his life that his Bible was left to him. Only those who have realized in times of great mental and physical strain the preciousness of God's promises as contained in His Holy Word can at all appreciate what the Bible was to Bishop Hannington in his agony of body and mind. In its sacred pages he found a strength which never failed him, and in that strength he remained calm and steadfast to the last moment of his earthly life.

On the eighth day the Bishop was released. He found himself once more surrounded by the men of his caravan, who had been bound at the same time with himself. But they had been brought out only to die. The Bishop was not to see the faithful men he had come so far to comfort and direct. With a wild shout, a band of warriors rushed on all sides from the thicket and fell upon his helpless followers. Their flashing spears rose and fell among the shrieking crowd, and soon the ground was covered with heaps of the dead and dying.

In that moment of wild confusion and terror we have the comfort of knowing that the brave Bishop did not blench. His high courage was not accustomed to yield to craven fear. He had faced death too often and too long to dread it now. He had, moreover, that assured faith which transforms death into a friend. As his murderers came near he looked round upon them, and the calm glance of his eye held them in check, mad though they were with the thirst for blood. In slow and incisive words—words which engraved themselves

upon their memories, and were afterwards repeated just as they were heard—he bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the people of Uganda, and that he had purchased the road to them with his life. Then he pointed to his own gun which one of them held. It was discharged, and out from the shattered house of clay sprang the glad spirit of the weary traveller, to find itself in the long-sought presence of the King.

So he died, *and so he lives*, for evermore. And so his name will live, while the Church maintains her warfare on earth—a word of power to stir up others to take up and bear onward the banner which fell from his dying hands.

A GREAT MISTAKE

More than a hundred and seventy years ago three missionaries left the mainland of Europe with a view toward the conversion of the Eskimos. They were good men ; nay, they were heroes in every sense of the word, but for more than five years they suffered continual defeat owing to one great mistake they unitedly made. How, in face of the teaching contained in the New Testament and the records of the Acts of the Apostles, they came to make it we cannot say. They had a theory of their own as to how the heathen ought to be reached, and perhaps they were so sure that their way was the right way that they did not stop to inquire of God, and He says that He will be inquired of.

It took weeks and months of severe travel before the missionaries reached Greenland. Greenland had not been discovered until the end of the tenth century, and then from the fifteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth it had been closed again to civilization, by a tremendous ice blockade coupled with that dread disease, the "black pest." During this time the Greenlanders had relapsed into barbarians again.

The missionaries soon realized that they had a tough problem to solve. How tough they had little conception till they saw for themselves the utter degradation of

the Eskimos of that period. In stature they were dwarfs, ugly and repulsive-looking to the last degree. Their minds matched their bodies, and their habits were beyond belief for uncleanliness. Soap and water were unknown luxuries; mothers washed their infants as a cat does her kittens, by licking them all over. Added to all this they were spiteful, malicious and cruel; love they did not know the meaning of, even among themselves.

Their religion, if it could be called by that name, was merely a belief in a great spirit whom they were very much afraid of. They had neither idols nor any form of worship whatever, and intellectually they were of a very low, dull order indeed.

It did not take the three missionaries very long to estimate the Eskimos at their real value, but they were in no way disheartened or discouraged, but set cheerfully to work. The first thing to do, they decided, was to make these heathen realize the fact of the existence of a God and His claims upon them. John Beck, the leading missionary, was the aptest to grasp the language, so he translated the story of the Creation into the Eskimo language that they might be instructed on the right lines from the very beginning.

But work, and toil, and pray as they might, the Eskimos would have none of their God. Their own suited them exactly, they maintained, and was just as powerful and as much to be feared as the God of the foreigners. The only divine quality they recognized was the power to inspire fear, and this their own imaginary god was well endowed with.

For five years these worthy men laboured away at

"'MAKE THE PAPER TALK MORE! I WOULD FAIN KNOW ABOUT THIS JESUS!'"

the story of the Creation, and at the end of that time they had not made the least impression upon any one of their hearers. Their mission had been the deadest sort of a failure.

Meanwhile they suffered and endured patiently all sorts of hardship and persecution. The Eskimos did their best to wear out both their patience and their health. They tore down the mission huts, and broke up the furniture; they came to their gatherings to mimic and make fun, and drowned out the singing with howls of derision and the beating of drums. In the middle of the most fervent addresses they pretended to fall asleep, and it was a human impossibility to talk against that mighty chorus of snores. They even destroyed the mission boat, finally, which was the missionaries' main means of support, and steadily refused to sell them a morsel of food, though they had abundance, hoping thus to starve them out, if they couldn't drive them. Sickness tried the resolute three, too, for small-pox broke out among the natives, and each missionary had his turn.

"Happily," remarked one of them, in a letter home, "we did not have it together, but one after another."

Tenderly and lovingly they nursed these vicious dwarfs, but utterly failed to reach their hearts, and still they remained, one and all, steadily opposed to the God of the foreigners, and no nearer believing the story of the Creation than ever.

In spite of hardship and failure none of the three ever thought of abandoning this barren field of labour, and leaving the ugly little Eskimos to their darkness. No, they plodded on and on, and John Beck even began a

translation of the life of Jesus Christ to follow on after the Creation, when their unwilling hearers should have arrived at a knowledge of the true God. We are obliged to confess, however, that he had but a very faint hope it would ever be used. At the rate they were going on it would be years and years, nay a generation hence, before they could expect one seeker after salvation. But God was not unmindful of their brave fight, and it was not to go unhonoured. He had a lesson to teach these men—a lesson which has proved invaluable to scores, who, inspired by their example, sought the salvation of the heathen in many lands.

One morning John Beck was working somewhat sadly at his translation, when the door of the little hut was rudely kicked open, and a group of Eskimos pushed in. For some weeks a new hostile attitude had been manifest among these people, and it seemed exceedingly probable that the mission, at last, might end in martyrdom. They certainly looked evil enough for anything, John Beck thought, as they crowded round his table, inspecting and turning over his pens, ink and paper. "And what is this?" demanded Kayarnak, the most villainous-looking of the lot, as he seized upon a sheet of manuscript.

John explained as well as he could that what they called "black marks" were words, the same as the words they were speaking; he made his explanation as long as possible, inwardly rejoicing that the rascal of a Kayarnak showed no more mischievous disposition than to maul over his papers. It was some time before their slow brains grasped his meaning. At last Kayarnak exclaimed:—

"This piece of paper hears, and remembers, and says words?" Yes, that was so; he was told once the words were written down, there they stayed till the paper was destroyed. This was wonderful, past all belief, and the "talking paper" was handed round from hand to hand. Then a new idea struck Kayarnak, and, thrusting the bundle of manuscript into John Beck's hand, he cried:—

"Make the paper speak, make it speak; let us hear what it has to say."

This demand was greeted with yells of delight from the others, and mechanically the missionary began to read, glad to be able to satisfy his dread visitors so easily.

He read bits from the Gospels, and was in the middle of the story of the crucifixion, when he paused, conscious of a dead silence, so unusual a thing that he felt sure it must mean mischief. On looking up he was astounded to see Kayarnak's dark face convulsed with grief, the tears pouring down his face.

"Oh!" he cried, "make the paper talk more! Go on, go on! I would fain know about this Jesus, for I, too, want to be saved!"

Had the stones under his feet cried out John Beck would not have been more astonished. Then the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw the great mistake they had made. They had tried to teach these savages through their intellect, and had forgotten that "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," even poor, ignorant, dark heathen. They had put themselves and their theories between the Cross and dying men; they had held back the water of life from thirsty souls.

With tears of joy and contrition falling down his face, John Beck explained again and again the story of salvation, while his listeners hung upon his words in rapt attention.

Kayarnak accepted Christ there and then, and when the other two missionaries returned, weary and disheartened from their work in a neighbouring district, they found their comrade the centre of an inquiring crowd, all anxious and eager to know about Jesus. Kayarnak proved an invaluable ally. He assisted in the translation of the New Testament. He begged of the missionaries to tell his people about Jesus and Jesus only, and they were only too glad to follow his advice. He taught them that neither the simplest sort of teaching, argument, nor logic, can take the place of the words of Jesus Christ, which are spirit and life.

Before long the now joyful workers were counting their converts by scores, many of whom thought nothing of coming four, five or six leagues to attend the services. Other missionaries followed John Beck and his friends, and now all the settlements in Greenland are Christian. About fifty years ago the last professing pagan died at Proven.

A LIFE LAID DOWN

THE tale of heroes who have given their lives in the Master's service as missionaries to the heathen natives of Africa is a long one; and amongst them all not one is more deserving of honour than Dr. Southon.

This devoted servant of God brought special talents and abilities to his work as a missionary, for he had travelled extensively, and had been an army surgeon in the war in Texas. He might have made a greater success of his life, as the world counts success, in almost any other sphere than that which he chose; but his one desire and ambition was to become a missionary, and thus to have opportunities of using his medical knowledge and surgical skill amongst those to whom he could at the same time proclaim the message of salvation.

Great indeed was Dr. Southon's joy when at length God opened the way for the realization of his ambition, and he was appointed by the London Missionary Society to a station in Central Africa, known by the name of Mirambo. Here he set to work at once, and quickly established a dispensary and a school. His genial, helpful manner, no less than the many very tangible

benefits he conferred upon them, soon won him many friends amongst the natives; and so great a favourite did he become that even the powerful chief King Mirambo was constrained to show himself friendly to the kind and clever white medicine-man of whose good deeds he heard so much. The chief, by way of practical proof of his good-will, gave him a piece of land on which to build a hospital and a dwelling-house, and expressed his desire to be helpful in any other way that was possible.

For a time Dr. Southon enjoyed the companionship and assistance of a *confrère*, Mr. Williams, and the two men became greatly attached to each other in their common service for God; but, alas! the deadly climate, which has always been the foe of the white man in Africa, laid low the missionary's friend and associate; and in spite of all that skilled attention and loving ministry could do Mr. Williams died, and Dr. Southon was left to carry on his work single-handed.

Soon after the death of his friend, Dr. Southon, feeling the need of rest and change, arranged to leave the mission-station for a few days and get a little shooting up the river. Taking with him his two native lads and his servant—all of whom served him with touching devotion—he set out, hoping for a pleasurable and refreshing holiday, and never dreaming of the tragedy so soon to take place.

The little party reached the river in safety; and having pitched their tent set out for their first day's shooting. Nothing untoward occurred, and Dr. Southon had set his face tentward at the end of the day, when, suddenly, and while still about a mile distant from the

little camp, he felt a stinging pain in his arm, and heard the sharp report of a gun.

For the moment he did not in the least realize what had happened; and then, looking round, he saw one of his boys, Uledi, running towards him, crying piteously, "Oh, master, I did not mean to do it! I did not mean to do it!" Then, looking down, he saw that his arm was terribly lacerated, and bleeding profusely. Binding it up as well as he was able, he managed with the help of his lads and the servant to reach the tent; and there he fainted from pain and loss of blood. When he regained consciousness he told his lads how to make a litter, on which they placed his mattress; and so, gently and tenderly, and full of grief for the suffering of their loved master, they carried him home.

Dr. Southon's medical knowledge proved to him that his life could only be saved by the sacrifice of the injured arm; and, totally unable to minister to his own need, he sent for a missionary friend, Mr. Copplestone, at a station some miles away, to come to his help. When Mr. Copplestone arrived Dr. Southon asked him to amputate the arm. This Mr. Copplestone, not being a doctor, naturally shrank from doing; but when Dr. Southon explained to him that it was the only chance of saving his life, he bravely agreed to do his best; and under the patient's own directions the operation was performed.

But, alas! it soon became evident that something more would have to be done, and a doctor was sent for from Uganda. A fortnight later he arrived, and decided that another operation was necessary. During that terrible fortnight of waiting, Dr. Southon wrote the

last letter he was ever to write; and in it occur these brave and beautiful words:—

"Since I have been lying here, I've had ample time for reflection, and find this comfort. God has ever led me and trained me in this work. I came into it with all my heart, and soul and body, and I determined to make it a success. I bless God; my trust in Him is as strong as ever, and if He allows me to live I will do Him good service yet. But oh! if He calls me to join others gone on before, how gladly will I respond! . . .

"I feel as if I can't last much longer. My sufferings during the past five weeks have been simply awful; and nothing short of Divine grace and a good constitution could have pulled me through till now. I cannot tell you how gladly I should welcome death. My morphia is nearly finished. I have about two doses left, which I am reserving for extreme agony. As long as I could get a dose every three hours I was moderately easy, but for days I have only had an occasional dose.

"Mr. Copplestone has promised to do an operation to-day which, if successful, will ease my sufferings, and enable me to get well quickly; but I am of opinion that, if not successful, it will cause my death. Tell everybody, if I die, that my most earnest wishes are to die at my post, and nothing short of death could make me leave it. . . .

"I could not have believed that any person could stand the sufferings I have gone through, and live. And I myself feel sure there is some great and grand purpose to be accomplished by it, though at present I cannot see it. 'Perfected through suffering,' perhaps;

but anyhow I only ask that it may soon end in the way He desires it. My faith in Him is strong and reliant, and I feel perfectly at peace with all. I leave no regret behind, except as to the unfinished way I leave my work to my successors; but even that is swept off by knowing that He will have it so.

"Good-bye, all true friends. Let your efforts be to carry on the work by prayer and money if none can give themselves."

Very soon after he had written that letter Dr. Southon died. He was a brave man, and he died a hero's death; and none can doubt that he has won the reward that remains for those who, having left home and friends, do not grudge the giving up even of life itself for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

SAVED BY A MISSIONARY

"AND so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese empire?" The question was asked by a ship-owner with whom Dr. Morrison, the well-known missionary, had made arrangements for transport from New York to the scene of his earliest labours for God in China. The answer was characteristic of the man. "No, sir," Dr. Morrison said; "I expect God will!"

That was the spirit which animated Dr. Morrison in all his work—utter dependence upon God, and complete submission to His will in all things; and it was this which enabled him to accomplish so much, and helped him so wonderfully to shed the Gospel light upon the darkness of heathen China.

A century ago, when Dr. Morrison began his missionary career, China was much more inaccessible than it is to-day. It took the missionary nearly four months to get from Gravesend to Canton, and when he arrived there it was to find himself face to face with almost insuperable difficulties. "I can cast in but here and there a handful of seed," he says. "It is not unlike the clearing of land now covered with immense forests.

Old and deep-rooted prejudices are to be cut down and dug up, many noxious weeds to be burned, to make room for casting in the seed." But nothing could daunt a man of such faith and trust as he possessed; and strong in the belief that here was the special work which he was called upon to undertake, he went bravely forward, resolved to do his best, and leave the issue to God.

One great obstacle he found was the natives' dislike and distrust of foreigners; and in order to overcome this as far as possible he adopted the native style of dress, allowed his hair and nails to grow inordinately long, and even cultivated that special pride of the Chinaman —a queue, or pigtail. He learnt, too, to eat with chopsticks, and in all ways comported himself as a native, until a severe illness compelled him to some extent to abandon his unaccustomed ways of living.

His first work was necessarily to acquire a knowledge of the language of the people to whom he had come to proclaim the message of salvation. This of itself was no mean task; and while he devoted himself to it he lived in two small rooms, in which also he found accommodation for two native lads whom he tried to teach. His efforts on their behalf, however, were very discouraging; and the utter lack of any sense of appreciation of his endeavours on their behalf is shown by the fact that one of them, when alone with him on one occasion, made an unprovoked and entirely unexpected assault upon him, tearing his coat and maltreating him so seriously that he had to shout for assistance. This, and the state of his health, forced him to record in his

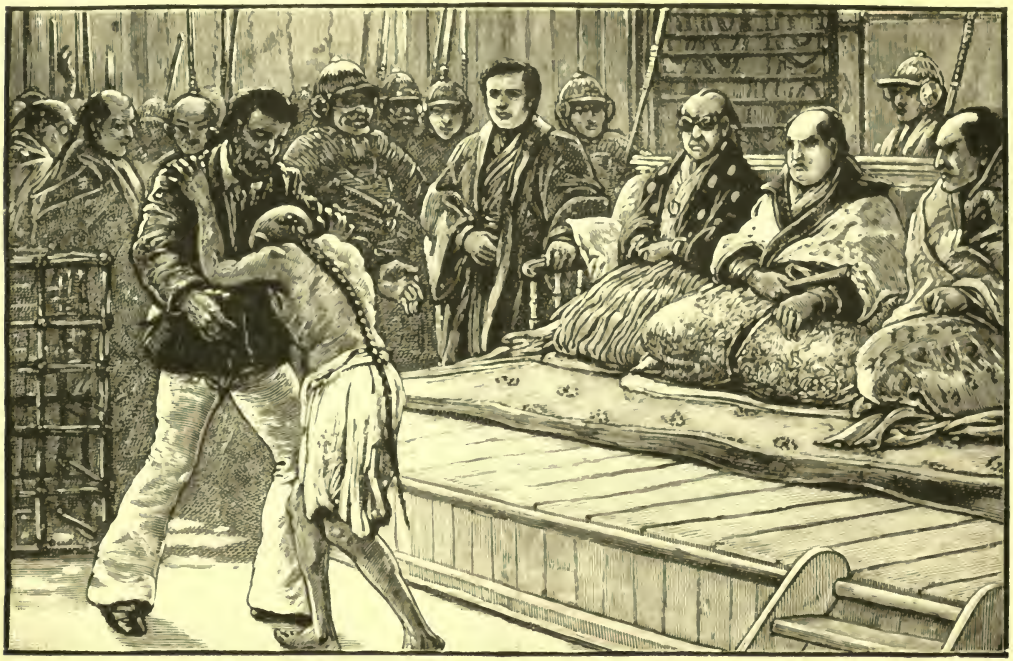
diary that "that which is most desirable is impracticable, namely, to live with the Chinese, have their society at all times, hear their conversation, adopt their dress; in short, in everything that is not of a moral or religious nature, to become a Chinese."

Yet, though he found it so impossible even in the external things of life to "become a Chinese," Dr. Morrison did not despair; and such was his energy and ability that it was not long before he was able to exercise a powerful influence over those who at first had seemed either utterly indifferent or bitterly opposed to all his efforts to win their confidence.

Sometimes it happened that Dr. Morrison was able to render valuable service to a poor Chinaman who was in danger of being wronged through his own or other people's ignorance. The story of one such incident is worth repeating, for it shows the kindly nature of the missionary in a specially striking way.

A French vessel which had come to grief through stress of weather put in one day to Touron Bay. The ship was so completely disabled that her owner decided to sell the hulk for what it would fetch, and then try to arrange for himself and the crew to continue their journey as passengers in one of the Chinese boats, with such of their cargo as they might be able to save.

This they did. Having found a purchaser for their battered ship they sold it, and then took passage in a junk, bound for the old Portuguese town of Macao. Their fellow-voyagers were an unsavoury lot of Chinese, some of whom looked what they were—villains. The Frenchmen, however, were not suspicious, and their



"THE FRENCH SAILOR AT ONCE RECOGNISED THE PRISONER AS HIS DELIVERER, AND EMBRACED HIM."

captain seemed rather amused at the almost unintelligible efforts which one of the natives—an old man—made apparently to warn him that the natives on board were contemplating mischief.

All went well until the voyage was nearly completed. Then, as the junk slowly made her way along the narrow, winding canal that leads to the harbour of Macao, the more respectable of the natives on board scrambled into the landing boats and disappeared, leaving the shipwrecked Frenchmen at the mercy of the natives remaining on the junk. Night came and they settled down to sleep; but, alas! their sleep was rudely disturbed. The treacherous natives suddenly pounced upon them; and, for the sake of plundering them of the remnants of a somewhat costly cargo, killed them. All the Frenchmen were slain with the exception of one sailor. He, poor fellow, though grievously wounded, jumped into the sea; and the natives, doubtless thinking he would be drowned, did not pursue him.

It happened, however, that the sailor could swim; and, managing to reach a friendly boat, he ultimately reached Macao. There, under the kindly care of some Jesuits, he soon recovered, and then he lodged a complaint with the Mandarins. Inquiries were at once set on foot, and the pirates quickly arrested, put into iron cages, and sent to Canton for trial.

In order that there might be no question as to justice being done, the Emperor had commanded that the trial should be held in the presence of the Europeans living in Canton; and Dr. Morrison was present to act as interpreter. While in the court Dr. Morrison heard

repeated protestations coming from one of the accused Chinamen—an old boatman—whose pitiful cries at last caused the missionary to go up to the cage in which he was confined, and speak to him. His vernacular was such that probably no other foreigner in the court could have understood anything of what he said; but Dr. Morrison's knowledge of the language enabled him to gather from the old man's tale that he had not been a party to the massacre, and that he had really tried to save the Frenchman whom he was accused of having tried to kill.

So earnest and insistent was the poor old boatman, that Dr. Morrison felt convinced there was truth in his story, especially as he asked that, in proof of his statements, he might be brought face to face with the sailor who, he claimed, really owed his life to him. At least this test would settle the matter; and if his tale were true his life would be spared, while if it were found to be false no one but himself would suffer for his perjury.

Dr. Morrison repeated the trembling old man's story to the judges, and they at once ordered that he should be confronted with the sailor. When the two men were brought face to face the French sailor at once recognized the prisoner as his deliverer, and embraced him. The judges, entirely satisfied that the old man's tale was true, released him, to his great joy, and much to the satisfaction of Dr. Morrison, whose knowledge of Chinese dialect had undoubtedly saved the poor old boatman's life.

The incident is only one of many that might be quoted, had we space, to show the kindly nature and

readiness to serve others that characterized Dr. Morrison. Probably, if count had been kept of the converts he made the total would not be a large one; but missionary effort includes other work than that of conversion, important though this undoubtedly is; and in the way of preparing the road for those who were to follow him, and in inculcating in the minds of the Chinese first a toleration and then a respect for missionaries and their duties, Dr. Morrison did a splendid and heroic work, which entitles him to be ever remembered and loved by Christians who pray for the Gospel light to be shed abroad amongst the dark places of the earth.

IN PERIL OF DEATH

THERE are probably few missionaries who have not, at some time or other, found themselves in dire danger through the opposition they have felt bound to offer to the superstitious customs and fanatical practices of the people amongst whom they have laboured. One particularly striking instance of the risk in this connection that missionaries are continually called upon to face occurred to the Rev. James Calvert, whose work amongst the savages of Fiji is so well known. The incident is as follows:—

"The king's daughter had been very ill, and Calvert's medicine had a good effect. But he refused to go on with the treatment when a priest was fetched who said that the gods must be appeased. Huge sacrifices were to be offered, during the lengthy preparation of which the girl grew worse. The king sent for Calvert, and excitedly exclaimed, 'The illness of my daughter is very great!' 'Yes, I know it,' said the missionary; 'you are to be blamed for following useless heathen worship instead of continuing the use of medicine which proved beneficial.' And he declined the case while the priest's heathen practices were allowed, alleging that,

should his medicine succeed, the senseless incantations would be credited with the recovery, and thus error would be confirmed.

"After a long talk, and a lecture to the priest on his absurd deceptions, Mr. Calvert at last consented to undertake the case. He administered a stimulant which revived the patient from stupor, making her throw her arms about restlessly. This frightened the king, who thought she was dying, and cried out angrily, 'You have killed my daughter!' The missionary was in no enviable position. The attendants and people all round were very savage at his interference with the priest, and only wanted a word to lead them to revenge. It was late at night, and the mission-house was far off. The place was full of enraged heathens, in the midst of whom stood the stranger accused by the king of murdering his favourite child. Mr. Calvert snatched up his bottles and showed great indignation at such a charge, after he had come at their earnest request—though served so badly by them before—and had given some of the medicine that had been sent all the way from England for his own family. Then, assuming a look of being greatly affronted, he hurried away.

"During the morning a message came from the king, begging for medicine for another of his children, who was ill with dysentery. Mr Calvert sent word, 'Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night, and it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a king in so short a time!' An apology soon came, and an entreaty for

forgiveness for words hastily spoken; but the medicine was not sent until another urgent request was brought.

"For four weeks the priests tried all the efforts of their incantations and sacrifices, but the sick girl got no better, so that at last the father's heart relented and he gave his consent that she should renounce heathenism and be removed, with her attendants, to the mission-house. This was accordingly done, and the missionary's wife will not soon forget the toil and inconvenience and annoyance of having so many Fijian women in her house. The care, however, was cheerfully borne, and in a short time the patient improved. Now that she had lost all trust in heathen remedies she was perfectly submissive to the missionary's directions, and soon recovered. And God blessed her soul as well as her body; so that she became an enlightened and earnest worshipper of Him, much to the dismay of the priests and the rousing of the whole island."

By his firmness and strength of character Mr. Calvert thus obtained a blessing from what might easily have proved a calamity. On many other occasions this intrepid missionary proved his courage and fearlessness, and never more conspicuously than once when death threatened him at the hands of hostile natives to whom he was carrying a message of love and a friendly warning. He himself tells the story thus in his diary:

"In going to Viwa I desired to call at Moturiki, which I had also attempted to do the last time I passed on to Viwa. Besides wishing to speak with them about Christianity I now desired to warn them of danger

near, Tui Levuka having told me that Moturiki would certainly be destroyed, as the mountaineers would attack it by night. We found that the tide did not serve well for landing, and we therefore proceeded towards the entrance leading to Viwa.

"One of my boat's crew observed a man on the Moturiki beach beckoning for us, and told me. I desired one of my Rotumans to go on shore, as it was a long distance for me to wade, and we would put in at another point for him, where I would see the people. He got in the water, and was proceeding towards the shore when he observed several persons come out from among the cocoanut-trees. He was afraid, and said 'They are from Lovoni, and will kill me. I requested him to come into the boat. The man continued to call. He was dressed, which led me to think that he was a man from Mbau, who had *lotued*.

"I did not like to let the opportunity pass, and immediately got on my old water-shoes. I did not believe them to be Lovonians, but said to the boat's crew that should I be killed they were to return to Levuka, so that Tui Levuka might get my body. Kaitu, a Rotuman, wished to go with me. I forbade him, and ordered them to take the boat round by the deep water near the reef and put in for me at the other side.

"The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was in some places over knee-deep. As I proceeded towards the shore many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me from two directions. As they neared me they looked very

fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat; I therefore went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near with his gun uplifted to strike me. I expostulated with him.

"Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near, with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled, but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death from them, that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace.

"I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognized, and hoped he was friendly. (This man had thought that it was my boat; and he, knowing the exasperated state of the people against the whites for meddling in the present wars, fearing that I should be in danger, had run towards me, but was late in reaching me from having run a sharp shell into his foot.) He took hold of me, recognizing me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them and treated them kindly, and he said I should live.

"I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me, but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged him not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly.

"I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf: my having offered Tui Levuka a very large looking-glass if he would leave them alone; my having entreated Mara and the mountaineers not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack. I told them I had interceded with the Mbau chief to send them the help by which they were now strengthened, and that my full knowledge of being one and friendly with them led me to come on shore; that no white man who had been active in the war against them would have dared to come on shore there.

"Matters were in a more hopeful state when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He appeared resolutely determined, in spite of opposition, to take away my life; he was extremely ferocious, but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which indeed he once or twice managed, but it was warded off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided, and all then consented to my living.

"But their thirst for killing had got up, and as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching the shore, led by two. One untied my neckcloth, and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trousers were wet and heavy, I was weak with talking and disputing with them—indeed quite hoarse. As

we still went on in the sea they commenced their death-song, as always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that might increase their rage, and desired to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed towards their own town.

"I found Ratu Vuki, a chief of Mbau, had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had treated me so, and would have punished them. I begged he would not. I desired him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure Mrs. Calvert would be anxious. My boys had seen the danger to which I was exposed. They also were pursued by the natives, and hastened to Viwa, where they arrived about seven o'clock. Mrs. Calvert felt much at the alarming intelligence, but feared to inquire, lest my death might be followed by the killing of those she might send. She also hoped that I was alive, thinking that the Moturiki people would not kill me. Ratu Luke Matanambamba was very kind, and very ready to go, though it was thought that my death was due to the turning of Moturiki to Ovalau against Mbau, in which case those who went would have been in danger. At midnight I reached Viwa in a canoe, and found that my wife had borne up well, but had just given her consent to a party going to look after me.

"During the whole of the attack on us the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind and considerable firmness, to stand up, proceed, dispute with them, and

protest against their taking away my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my help and deliverer. It appeared to me very probable that my course and my ministry were about being ended, yet I was comforted in the assurance that

> 'They could not yet my life devour,
> Safe in the hollow of His hand.'

"While looking at the instruments of death which were held over and levelled at me, I felt that my life was still in His hands, and could only be taken with His permission. My prayer was to the God of my life. I was persuaded that if He permitted my death I should glorify Him in some way that I could not have done by my life. I thought that the natives might be thereby led to deep consideration of the folly and evil of war, and be led to terms of peace. I gave myself afresh to the Lord, feeling willing and desirous to glorify Him, whether by life or death.

"I thought of my family, and committed my children in England, New Zealand and Fiji, and my much-loved and faithful wife to the Lord in whom she trusted. I thought of the mangled body of the murdered Williams, and thought my own likely to be mangled and abused to the same extent; but I knew that I should not be eaten, even in cannibal Fiji, which was some relief to my mind. And then I felt very thankful to Him who had preserved me to labour more than fifteen years, in which I had been employed in rough and dangerous work. It seemed to me an appropriate end to my labours in Fiji. But how gracious, how wise, how

powerful my Deliverer! Again I am rescued, and privileged with restoration to my family and labours!"

Brave and noble James Calvert! Yours was indeed an unselfish and heroic spirit. May there be many like you in time to come, who, counting not their lives dear for their own sakes, may cheerfully and willingly take upon themselves the risk and danger that must inevitably fall to the lot of those who seek to make of the savage a child of God.

A DANGEROUS DRINK

Robert Moffat's Peril in the Desert

No man ever did more for the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth than that prince amongst missionaries, Dr. Moffat. No sacrifice was too great, no work too arduous or difficult, that would help him to carry the Gospel of Christ to those who had never heard it.

When he first went to Africa he met with many strange experiences and exciting adventures. He often found himself in great straits for lack of water, and sometimes the pools from which he hoped to get at least sufficient to satisfy his thirst, were full of green and stagnant water which it would have been death to drink.

On one occasion, when travelling in a wild and unknown region of Africa, he and his party reached a river early one afternoon after a terrible ride across a treeless waste, where for hours there had been no shelter of any kind from the blinding, scorching sun. His horse made at once for the nearest pool; and Dr. Moffat, no less eager than the poor animal, dismounted, and, lying flat on the ground, drank long and eagerly of the cool and inviting water.

No sooner had he done so, however, than he became

conscious of a bitter, burning taste in his mouth; and like a flash the idea came to him that he had been drinking water which the natives had poisoned for the purpose of killing game.

Hardly had he had time to realize the danger of his position, when a native came running towards him, and with much excitement and many gesticulations tried to draw Dr. Moffat away from the pool. The missionary could not make out a word of the native's strange language, but it was evident that he wanted to make the white man understand that he must not drink of the water.

By various signs Dr. Moffat soon made the native understand that the warning came too late—that he had already drunk from the poisoned pool. The native stood a moment in silence, evidently at a loss to know what to do in face of this calamity. Then he turned away and began running towards the village, whither Dr. Moffat followed him as quickly as he could.

On arrival amongst the villagers, Dr. Moffat found the man who had come to give him friendly warning in the midst of them, telling the story with great impressiveness; and on seeing the poor victim of the terrible inadvertence coming towards them they began a dismal dirge of lamentation for his approaching doom. Dr. Moffat felt, as they did, that his last hour had probably come; and the natives, regarding him with eyes of pity and with every symptom of sympathy that they knew how to express, waited in silence, expecting every moment that the missionary would fall down and die.

By way of showing his appreciation of the kindliness

and concern of these poor savages on his behalf, Dr. Moffat smiled at them. The effect of that smile was electrical. The natives evidently regarded it as a good omen. The men began at once to sing and talk volubly; the women beat their sides with their bare elbows to express their joy; and every dark face bore evidence of intense relief.

But the smile was no antidote to the poison. Dr. Moffat felt desperately ill, and tried—a long time vainly—to make the natives understand that he wanted the fruit of a certain tree which he knew would act as an emetic. When at last they grasped his meaning they ran hither and thither to try and find what he wanted. It was not to be found, however, and so Dr. Moffat had recourse to copious draughts of pure water. These fortunately relieved him, and he was able in a few days to resume his journey.

A gift of tobacco was rapturously received by these poor wild bushmen, and the missionary departed thankful for his escape from death, though full of grief because through his ignorance of their language he was unable to tell to the kindly savages who had been good to him the story of redeeming love.

Since then they have, thank God, heard that story; and in the region where in Dr. Moffat's day the name of Christ had never been heard, there are now Christian natives to be found, who, in their turn, are eager to pass on to others the good news that has turned their own darkness to light and given them hope of life eternal.

THE SHIPWRECK OF JENS HAVEN

"I WILL go to them in Thy name, O Lord; if they kill me, my work on earth is done; if they spare me, I will believe firmly it is Thy will they should hear and receive the Gospel."

So spoke brave Jens Haven, as he knelt praying on the deck of the ship which had taken him to Labrador, whither he had gone in the hope of being able to carry the message of salvation to a people who, in his day, were unenviably notorious for their treachery and cruelty to any, not of their own race, who came within their power.

And Jens Haven's uncertainty as to the sort of reception he might meet with from the Eskimos was not without a grimly significant justification. For only a few years before his arrival on their inhospitable shore, a countryman of his own, John Christian Erhardt, had attempted to establish a mission here, and had fallen a victim to the treachery of the people whom he had hoped to benefit.

The memory of the episode was still fresh in the minds of Jens Haven's companions, and they refused to land with him. Jens, however, was determined that, now his long-cherished project was so near realization,

he would not be deterred by fear of the natives from carrying out his purpose.

For years this servant of God had longed to be able to take the Gospel message to the people of Labrador. He was a man of no education, but he was on fire with enthusiasm for the saving of men's souls; and he was firmly persuaded that God had specially called him to this work.

By trade he was a ship's carpenter; and after studying the language of the people to whom he wished to minister, and making efforts in every possible way to fit himself for the work he felt called upon to do, he waited patiently for the opportunity which he felt sure would be given him.

But the opportunity was long in coming; and at last he decided that God meant him to make his own opportunity out of the means which He placed in his way. So he engaged himself as a ship's carpenter on board one of the vessels belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, bound for Labrador, and by this simple expedient he made his own path to the field of labour which he longed to enter.

Fearlessly he landed alone amongst the Eskimos who had assembled on the shore. They received him in friendly fashion, and he won his way at once to their favour when he gave them greeting in their own language. They listened attentively to what he said to them, and sang a song in his honour with the gratifying refrain "Our friend is come!"

Haven was able to stay but a very short time amongst these people, since his agreement as one of the crew of

the ship in which he had made the voyage rendered it necessary for him to leave Labrador with the vessel when the time arrived for the return journey. But his brief glimpse of the people, and his short sojourn amongst them, only made him the more anxious to give himself to the work of their evangelization; and this, through means which we have no space to describe in detail, he was ultimately enabled to do.

His work was a source of unalloyed happiness to him, in spite of the many trials and difficulties that he had to contend with. As an instance of the dangers which frequently beset him it may be of interest to give in his own words an account of a terrible disaster which overtook him in September 1774, while, with three of his fellow-workers—named Brasen, Lister, and Lehman—he was engaged in exploring the coast in a small sloop, with a view to finding a suitable spot for the establishment of a new mission-station. He had all along had a strange presentiment that evil would befall him on this journey; but, convinced that he was undertaking it by Divine command, he went bravely forward. How disaster overtook the little party he tells himself in the following words:—

"It had snowed the whole night, and was very cold. A brisk gale sprang up from the north-east, which inspired us with the hope that we should soon reach Nain. September 14th, towards four p.m., we all at once found ourselves in shoal-water, which surprised us exceedingly, as we were in the usual channel between Nain and Navon, and more than a league from the nearest island. We tacked about immediately. Scarcely had we done

this when the vessel struck on a rocky bottom, which, as we afterwards learned, is dry at spring-tide. The boat was lowered immediately in order to take the soundings round the ship, and as we found deep water at the prow we proposed casting an anchor forwards. There was too much sea, however, to allow us to row out with it; we therefore let down a small anchor to steady the boat during this operation. But no sooner was the large anchor on board the boat than the sails got loose, and drove it before the wind, so that it took the men half-an-hour's hard rowing to get back to the sloop and reach the rope which we threw out to them.

"After the anchor was cast we endeavoured to wear the ship off; but finding that the anchor drove, and that we had now only four feet of water, we were obliged to desist till the tide should turn, and committed ourselves meanwhile to the mercy of God. We had, however, but slender hope that the ship would hold out so long, as the waves broke over us incessantly, and we expected every moment to see it go to pieces.

"We secured the boat, as well as we could, by means of three strong ropes two inches thick, and in full resignation to the Lord's will determined to stay in the sloop till the morning if possible. The wind roared furiously; every wave washed over us, and the foaming of the deep was rendered yet more terrible by the thick darkness of the night. Towards ten o'clock the ship began to roll violently, and to drive upon the cliffs in such a manner that everything on board was turned upside down, and we could not but fear that the timbers would soon part.

"Shortly after ten o'clock the rudder was carried away

by a huge wave which broke over the whole vessel and covered us as with a winding-sheet. Our two sailors entreated us to take to the boat if we wished to save our lives. We represented to them the danger of braving so rough a sea in so small a boat, and that, supposing it could outlive that, it must inevitably perish in the breakers on the coast, which we could not avoid in the darkness. We begged them to stay by the ship as long as possible; perhaps we might maintain the post till daybreak, and at all events, should it come to the worst, we had the boat to fly to. They appeared to give in to our arguments, but we were obliged to watch their motions lest they should slip off with the boat. We waited in stillness to see what our dear Lord should appoint for us.

"By two o'clock on the morning of the 15th the sloop had shipped so much water that the chests on which we sat began to float, and we were obliged to leave the cabin and go on to the upper deck, where a fearful scene presented itself. The middle deck was entirely under water, and the waves were rolling mountains high. All were now convinced that it was time to leave the vessel. But here we were met by a new difficulty. The sea was so rough that, had we brought the boat alongside, it would inevitably have been stove in. We therefore drew it astern, and, climbing one by one down the anchor-shaft, jumped into it; and through the mercy of God we all, nine in number, succeeded in reaching it.

"We now found we had taken this step only just in time; for two of the three ropes by which the boat was moored had already given way, and the third held only

IN THE MIDST OF STORM AND WRECK.

by one strand, the others having parted, so that we should very soon have lost the boat. Our first business was to bale out the water which the boat had shipped in no small quantity. Oars being useless in such a sea, we let the boat run before the wind, which it did with incredible celerity. We attempted in vain to get under the lee of different islands, as the breakers drove us off from the coast whenever we appproached it. At length we thought we saw a prospect of finding harbourage between two islands, but we were again interrupted by rocks and breakers. The boat filled with water, which kept us constantly at work; and as there appeared to be no other resource left, we resolved in God's name to run the boat on shore, which was about twenty yards distant, but begirt with cliffs, against which the waves dashed furiously.

"We darted rapidly through them, when the boat struck on a sunken rock with such violence that we were all thrown from our seats, and the boat instantly filled with water. The captain, John Hill, and the two sailors, threw themselves into the sea and swam to land, which they gained in safety, and from whence they reached out an oar to assist the rest in landing. Brother Lister was the first who neared the shore, but he was driven back into the sea by the violence of the waves. On approaching the rocks a second time he found a small ledge by which he held on until the oar was extended to him by his companions on the strand.

"I had been thrown out of the boat by the first shock, and had resigned myself to the Lord's gracious hands, to do with me what He pleased. After swallowing a large

quantity of water I was hurled back into the boat; and as it drifted to the shore I succeeded in grasping the friendly oar. At the same time the Eskimo pilot clung to my legs, and thus we were both drawn up the rock together. Brother Brasen thrice gained the rocks and twice caught hold of the oar; but he was so exhausted, and encumbered besides with his heavy garments, that he could make no effort to save himself and finally sank. Brother Lehman was heard exclaiming as the boat struck, 'Dear Saviour, I commend my spirit into Thy hands!' We all thought that he had got on shore, but it pleased the Lord thus to take him to Himself..

"The rest of us, who had reached dry land, were rescued for the present from a watery grave, but we found ourselves upon a bare rock, half dead with cold, in so dark a night that we could not see a hand before us, without shelter, without food, without boat; in short, without the smallest gleam of hope that we should ever leave this fearful spot alive. We knew that no Eskimos were likely to come this way, as they had all resolved to winter to the south of Nain. The cold was intense, so that we were obliged to keep ourselves warm by constant motion. When morning came we sought for our boat, but in vain; a few fragments of it which had been washed on shore was all that we could find, and we concluded that it had gone to pieces. We also met with a few blankets, some broken biscuits, and other articles, which we collected very carefully.

"At low water we discovered the bodies of our two brethren lying close together on the strand, but they were quite dead. They were safe from all trouble and

had brethren surviving to bury their remains, while we had no other prospect than to pine away with hunger, and then leave our bodies to be entombed by birds and beasts of prey. About seven o'clock in the morning we had the joy to see first the prow and then the stern of our boat emerging from the water. But our joy was damped in dragging it to land, for the planks were torn off from both sides of the keel, and the few ribs left were in splinters. Happily, however, the prow, stern and keel were yet entire.

"We now set ourselves to repair the boat, impracticable as it seemed with such a lack of materials for the purpose. Yet we contrived to lash the blankets over the open spaces, sewing to them, in addition, all the seal-skins we could muster from our upper and nether garments, including even our boots. We spent three days in these miserable repairs, and on the 18th launched our boat for Nain, which, by the help of an Eskimo party that we met not far from the settlement, we succeeded in reaching the same evening."

The object of this perilous journey was at length accomplished; for at Okak, about 150 miles to the north of Nain, a second mission-station was founded by the brave missionary Jens Haven. Six years afterwards he founded a third station about as many miles to the south of Nain; and then, feeling that his powers were waning, Haven, who by now was an old man, relinquished his arduous labours and returned to his own land, where for a further period of six years he worked amongst his fellow-countrymen.

A few years before his death the grand old missionary

veteran became blind, but he bore his affliction with the utmost cheerfulness, and never repined against this darkening of his last days.

In 1796 Jens Haven died, and after his death a slip of paper was found on which he had with characteristic faith and humility written these words: "I wish the following to be added to the narrative of my life:—'On such a day, Jens Haven, a poor sinner who, in his own judgment, deserved eternal condemnation, fell happily asleep, relying upon the death and merits of Jesus.'"

PERSECUTED, BUT NOT FORSAKEN

No field of missionary endeavour presents more difficulty and danger to those who enter it than China. Yet, for all this, that land, with its teeming millions of heathen, attracts many devoted men and women who willingly face peril and privation in the hope that they may bring some to knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

From time to time the feeling of hostility to the religion of Christ, and of antagonism to His servants, which is never altogether absent from the Chinese mind, intensifies, through various reasons which in these brief pages we cannot attempt to explain; and the results are, as may be imagined, disastrous for the time being to those who are engaged in the stupendous task of the evangelization of this part of the world. The records of missions in China abound with instances of trial and persecution entirely undeserved and heroically borne by missionaries to that land; and from amongst them we select one story, fairly representative of them all, which is included in this volume by special permission of the China Inland Mission. The ladies

whose wonderful experiences we are about to relate are the Misses Emma Anderson, Maria Pettersson and Sigrid Engström. They belong to the Swedish Mission, and are Associates of the China Inland Mission. At the time when disaster overtook them they were working in Sin-an, in the province of Ho-nan, under the superintendence of Mr. Folke of Üin-ch'eng, in Shan-si, the head-quarters of the Swedish Mission.

When immediate escape from Üin-ch'eng was found to be necessary, Mr. Folke at once sent word to the ladies to make their way to the coast southwards through Ho-nan, it being dangerous for them to travel north, and also impossible for them to reach Üin-ch'eng before the party left. Ho-nan was then thought to be in a fairly peaceful condition.

They reached Siang-ch'eng, where Mr. Bird was in charge, and he started them on their way to Chan-kia-k'eo, believing that place to be still undisturbed; but before they reached there the missionaries had all been driven away, and they had to proceed alone under the escort of faithful native Christians. The following account of the many and very serious trials of their perilous journey, and of God's gracious deliverance, is written by Miss Anderson:—

We had left our station at Sin-an about the end of June, and gone to Ho-shan, a small place about twenty-seven miles from Ho-nan Fu, to live in the caves there for the summer; and it seemed to be the Lord's plan for us, for we were twenty-seven miles nearer the coast than we would otherwise have been. We had just taken

sufficient things with us for the summer, and thus had everything necessary for the journey.

We had been there one week, and the people were coming round us in crowds and bringing their sick friends to us. The Mandarin at Ho-nan Fu, hearing of the large crowds we were having in the fields, grew frightened, and he sent an official and some others to ask us to leave the place. He told us about the trouble at Tient-tsin. We had not heard about the war. Just after they left us we received the message from Mr. Folke, telling us of the trouble, and asking us to leave for the coast as quickly as possible; and, on the following day, the Mandarin came back to see us, and he was very pleased when he found that we were ready to go.

We left our place with an escort on July 4th, and had not gone very far when three *Ta-tao-hui* (Big Knife Society) men came to us, and one jumped up on our cart, while the other two followed behind, asking all sorts of questions. We told them that we did not need them with us, as we had an escort. One of our servants seemed frightened, and told us quietly that they were *Ta-tao-hui* men. These three men finally left us, and went on ahead and gathered all the *Ta-tao-hui* men in the district together. We knew there were very many of them in Ho-nan Fu, and so prayed to God to guide us, and our servants found a way round Ho-nan Fu and took us to a small village, so that we had not to go through that city. We rested that night at an inn in the village, and the next morning we continued our journey and had no trouble to speak of except that our

carts were stopped once or twice; but when we showed our cards and passports they let us go on.

We reached Siang-ch'eng late in the evening of the fourth day (July 8th) after we left Ho-shan, and, although we had a curtain in front of our cart, the people recognized us as foreigners, and called out, "Kill the foreigners!" We had rather a bad time at the inn there, as the people crowded around us in great numbers, and we had some difficulty in getting a cart, so we sent for Mr. C. H. Bird, and he came and talked to them in the courtyard and got us a cart. When we got on our cart the people pulled us, some one way and some another, and if it had not been for Mr. Bird we would scarcely have got away.

We then travelled on quietly for two days; but on the third day after leaving Siang-ch'eng (July 11th) a band of robbers attacked us about nine o'clock in the morning. First, several men came running after us, saying that they were sent from the Ya-men to stop us; then, in a minute or so, one or two hundred people gathered about us. These men commanded us to get down, and they very soon robbed us of all that we had, even to some of our clothing, our hats, Bibles, handkerchiefs, etc. They had swords and pistols, and used us very roughly. Then they took us back to the robbers' village, and we had to stand on benches, and let them look at us.

Presently two kind men in the village came forward, and ordered the people to let us go, and we went on for a mile and a half towards Chan-kia-k'eo, when we were stopped again, and two of the same robbers came and

commanded us to tell the people that the horses were theirs. We refused to do so, and they said that they would take our heads off if we did not, but we told them over and over again that we were not afraid to die.

One of the men ordered Miss Pettersson to kneel down and have her head taken off. She smiled, put her hand on the shoulder of one of the robbers, and, looking up into his face, she said, "Yes, we are not afraid to die, but let us speak a few words to the men who are escorting us first." Then the two robbers looked at one another, smiled, and went away without touching us. One of them said, "You cannot die, because you are devils."

Then the crowd made us sit down under a tree, to have a little rest, after which they asked us to sing a hymn, and we sang "Jesus loves me." They had heard that foreigners had some kind of telescope; and thinking we had one hidden upon our persons, they tried to get us into a house so that they might search us; but we had sent our servant to the Mandarin of the village, and he arrived just then and commanded the people to disperse at once.

Just before he arrived Miss Pettersson fainted. We begged the people for a little water; and, after considering a little they brought some for her to drink, and for us to bathe her head, and she revived somewhat, but lost her voice for the whole day. We had to carry her to the cart, and the Mandarin took us back the second time to the robbers' village, and we stayed in an inn, where the landlord was very kind to us. He gave us food and tea, and a bed for Miss Pettersson, while we had mats on the floor. After this a man who had been

a Christian but for one month came and stood up for us, and hired a small boat to take us down to Chan-kia-k'eo; so, after we had rested for a while, our servant took Miss Pettersson on his back and carried her down to the boat, and we got away a mile or two. But the people were constantly stopping us, and the boatmen would not take us any further; so, for the third time, we turned to go back to the robbers' village.

As we were nearing the village, at about ten o'clock, it began to rain; and the crowds that had gathered round us dispersed to their homes, and we hid in a field till midnight, when our Christian friend came and took us to an empty loft. There was no staircase, but he knelt down, and we stepped upon his back, and were helped up into the loft by our servant, who had climbed up before us. We were there one night and the next day, and up to midnight of the next night, without water or food; but in the middle of the night this Christian man went out and brought us a bottle of water and some cucumbers; and, though we had to be very quiet there, we were very happy indeed.

On the second day a little boy came into the room below the loft and he discovered us and cried out that there were thieves in the loft, and the owner came running and commanded us to come down quickly. He was very angry, and we thought that he was going to kill us at once; but his wife pitied us, and begged him not to touch us, and so they let us go into the field again. Presently the landlord who had been kind to us in the inn where we had stayed before, came out and told us to come in and stay there; so after we had

washed some of the mud off in the river, we went to the inn, and he gave us food.

The people came in such great crowds that he could not have us inside, so he put a table and bench on the street, and we had to stay there for about three hours, with the people looking at us and scorning us; but the Lord sent a shower of rain which made the people go to their homes, and the landlord took us into his inn again.

"That morning we had sent our servant to Chan-kia-k'eo to ask the missionaries there what we had better do, as we did not know. The landlord was drunk, but we had nowhere else to go. We were alone for a while, so we prayed to God to guide and deliver us, and a short time after two Christian men appeared from another village. They had heard about us, and had come to help us, and to take us to their village, but the innkeeper would not let us go unless they gave him a thousand cash. They had brought this amount with them, so they handed it to him and he let us go. They had also brought some bread in their sleeves, so we had food by the way.

When we reached the house of one of these Christians, his wife, who was not a Christian woman, cried out that she would not have us there; and so, after staying but a few minutes, they took us to the house of another Christian, where the people were very kind. But we could not stay in this village, because the first woman had cried out so against us that all of the villagers knew we were there.

That same night these two Christians took us to

another village, eight miles away, and nearer to Chan-kia-k'eo. They took us to a Christian family, and gave the woman two hundred cash and told her to take care of us, and that if there was anything more to pay they would give it to her when they came back; so they left us there. After a little while, a relative of this woman came to her and told her that it would be dangerous to hide us, so they took us to another house where they kept us until nearly daylight, but were afraid to have us any longer; so they took us to still another house, where the woman hid us in a bundle of straw.

We stayed there for one day and the woman was very kind. She gave us food, washed our clothes, and gave us true Christian love. Her son and daughter, however, were very much afraid of our being there, and their mother dared not keep us any longer, so we went back to the first house to which we had been taken, and they hid us under the bedstead all that Sunday. The people were raging, and wanted to see us, but the woman told them we were not in the house. Several women came into the room and looked into boxes, and everywhere but under the bed, for us, and so did not find us.

There were forty or fifty men outside, trying to pull down the house, but they could not; and they said they would get more men and come back in the night and pull down the house and kill the foreign devils; so the Christians took us that night to the house of a heathen man who was willing to have us.

Shortly after this a Mr. Yang, a member of the

Chan-kia-k'eo church, who had been acting as watchman for Mr. Shearer up to the time of the riot, and had just returned, came to us, and told us that he would take no rest until we were safely in Shanghai. That night he took us to the river to get us to T'ai-ho-Hsien, ninety-three miles distant, the two heathen men escorting us.

When he had hired a boat for us he discovered that he had not money enough to buy food for us on the journey, so he went back to get his wife to make some bread for us, telling the boatman to take us on to another place where he would meet us with it; but after he had gone a little while the boatman would not take us, and we had to ford the stream and go back to Mr. Yang's village.

It was almost daylight, and the people discovered us as we were coming into the village; so these two heathen men took us and hid us separately in the maize-field, and the people became very angry because they could not find us.

We felt worse then than at any time, because we were separated, and it seemed as if the Lord had forsaken us. It was indeed a time of darkness, and we cried unto God, and in about an hour's time Mr. Yang returned, and took Miss Engström out to the crowd and asked her to speak to the people. She told them we were there because we loved them and were seeking to help them, and that the people who had assisted us in the village had only done their duty by helping us when we were in trouble, and she asked them if they would not like some one to help them if they were in great trouble.

After she had talked to them for a while they became quite quiet. They did not touch her, so Mr. Yang brought us all out, and our servant, whom we had sent to Chan-kia-k'eo, found us and said that he had seen Mr. Powell, who had given him fifteen taels to help us pay our way down, and had also sent a letter; but both had been taken from him before he reached us. Mr. Powell also told him that a favourable proclamation had been issued, and that we could go to the Ya-men and demand protection. He advised us to go to the Ya-men at Shang-sui-Hsien, which was about twenty-three miles from where we were.

On the way to the Ya-men a crowd gathered round us, and wanted to know if we had any money, and were not satisfied until they had searched our persons, and as Mr. Yang had three hundred cash to pay for the boat for us, they took that from him.

When we reached the Ya-men we were very tired, as we had had no food all day and no sleep in the night, and had walked twelve miles on the previous night, besides the twenty-three miles to the Ya-men that day; but the Mandarin was very good to us, and gave us thirty soldiers to escort us, and five hundred cash to buy food on the way; but he did not give us any carts, and it was thirty miles to the next Ya-men. We went on, and walked eight miles more that night to an inn, and the next morning continued our journey after having a little rice-water to drink.

It rained all that night and the next day, and the roads were so muddy and slippery that we could not do more than fifteen miles that day, and stopped at

the next inn. When we reached there our clothing was soaking wet, but we could only take it off and wring it as dry as possible and put it on again and sleep in it all night; but the Lord kept us from taking cold.

The next morning we had still seven miles to travel to the next Ya-men, and we decided, when we reached there, we would not go on any further without a cart, as our feet were very sore and blistered. When we reached the Ya-men the people would not tell the Mandarin about us, but kept us waiting for two hours without seeing him. Finally, one of our servants told us that there was a gong, and in very urgent matters one could beat this gong and the Mandarin must come; so Miss Engström went and beat the gong. The people were very indignant, and told us we did not know how to behave; but the Mandarin came and provided us with a cart, and would not allow us to start until we had had some food. He also gave us some clothes, and five hundred cash to help us to the next Ya-men.

When we arrived at the next place, Shen-kiu-Hsien, the Mandarin was exceedingly kind—just like a friend. He gave us a nice room and prepared a feast for us, and his wife came and brought clothes in order that we might take off our wet ones. He gave us one thousand cash and plenty of bread for the journey, and early the next morning we started from that place in a cart and having an escort. The people, too, were very kind to us, and told us that both the Mandarin and his wife wished to learn the doctrine.

That Mandarin's escort brought us to T'ai-ho-Hsien.

We had been told that all the foreigners had left there, but suddenly we heard a voice saying "Praise the Lord that you are here," and saw Mr. Malcolm coming to meet us. We were very happy, and full of praise to God. He took us to the Mission House, where we rested and had our clothes changed, the Chinese women bringing us some of their clothing. The Evangelist there was full of love, and of the Holy Spirit. He brought in a bundle of cotton, but we told him that we could not use it, and so he took it back and brought us two thousand seven hundred cash, and gave it to us as a present.

Next day, by noon, Mr. Malcolm had got a boat for us, to take us to Ying-chau-Fu, the Mandarin paying for the boat. We had to change boats at each Ya-men, about every thirty miles. We had been wishing very much for some meat, and when we reached the Ya-men just below Cheng-yang-kwan, a place called Feng-t'ai-Hsien, the Mandarin was very kind and sent us down twenty pounds of flour and two large tins of roast and corned beef, and so the Lord provided even for our desires. We were very much astonished, but first praised the Lord for His goodness to us.

When about one day from the Lake a terrible hurricane came suddenly upon us as we were resting at the bank taking our dinner. The boat was overturned and wrecked, but we were not seriously hurt, though drenched and bruised. One of the soldiers of our escort took us to an inn in the village, and went on to see the Mandarin, who procured us a little boat to go on to the next Ya-men. In the village many

of the houses were blown down, and the inn where we stayed was partially destroyed. When we reached the Lake we heard that thirty-two boats had been wrecked and the people drowned.

All persecution which we had undergone from the people was comparatively easy to bear for the Lord's sake, but this experience was very difficult to understand, and we felt that we could not go through any more. Each day for three days after the hurricane we had been watching the clouds gather for another storm, and all the way along the natives were preparing for it. But, in answer to our prayers, the Lord caused it to pass by; and although it rained, the storm did not come upon us.

When we got to T'sing-kiang-p'u we had not enough money to bring us down to Shanghai. We had decided to take the steamer down the Canal, so we asked the Mandarin to provide the necessary money for us, and we would return it to him afterwards. He gave us half, and the Christians gave the other half. The Christians at this place were very kind to us, and brought us everything we needed, and saw us to the steamer. Praise the Lord, we are here all safe; and we do thank Him for His wondrous care of us. We arrived in Shanghai on August 6th.

As we journeyed the Lord gave us the two texts: "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth . . . Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"; and "The Lord is upon many waters"; and our souls rested upon them.

At first, when we had a little money, which we were

afraid was insufficient to bring us down, we worried about it; but when we lost it all we first rested in the Lord, and He supplied our every need.

It is a simple story, plainly told, with no attempt to add to its interest by thrilling word-pictures presented with literary skill. But none, surely, possessed of average sympathy, can read it without a feeling of intense admiration for the heroism and the absolute faith of these three women who braved so much for the cause they had at heart. May it arouse in others a determination to do and to dare, as they have opportunity, for God and His work in the world.

FROM EVIL—GOOD

THE story of missionary effort amongst the North-American Indians is full of incident and interest—and, alas! it is not without its pages of tragedy. Yet, through good report and ill, men fired with enthusiasm for the world's salvation have toiled and suffered, failed and succeeded; and through vicissitudes, of which space forbids us to tell, missions have gradually been built up amongst tribes of savages who long resisted all efforts to convert them; and God is now worshipped where, not so many years ago, His name had never been heard.

Much of the credit for this result is due to the efforts of the Moravian missionaries, who, in the eighteenth century, bravely attacked this stronghold of heathenism, and suffered severely for the cause they held dear.

Prominent amongst these was David Zeisberger, who established missions in many places and endured a great deal of persecution from time to time at the hands not only of the Indians themselves, but of the white settlers also, who attempted to justify their opposition by the false accusation that Zeisberger and his followers were in league with the French Canadians, and therefore antagonistic to British interests. On one occasion Zeisberger and a fellow-missionary, while on a mission

to the Iroquois Indians, were imprisoned on a warrant from the Mayor of Albany, and kept in jail for seven weeks. The brave missionaries did not waste their time however. Zeisberger devoted the seven weeks to learning the language of the Mohicans. "We count it," he said, "a great honour to suffer for our Saviour's sake, though to the world it is incomprehensible."

Zeisberger made his head-quarters at a town which the Moravians had themselves established and named Gnadenhütten, and there for some years he and his fellow-workers laboured in comparative peace and with varying measures of success for the conversion of the Indians to Christianity.

But a time of trouble was coming. Considerable uneasiness was caused amongst the French by the gradual but steady advance of the British outposts; a spirit of unrest pervaded the natives; and from certain suspicious movements on the part of the Indians the Moravians began to have fears for the safety of the little town which, at infinite pains and through years of effort, they had built up. Many neighbouring tribes of Indians, convinced that war was imminent, had decided to throw in their lot with the French; and, fearing for the safety of those of their race who were resident in Gnadenhütten, urged them to remove to Wajomick, an Indian settlement some distance away. Most of them, in spite of the entreaties and even threats of their fellows, refused to go; and the Moravians, although they carefully refrained from any attempt to persuade their converts to remain, were credited with the responsibility for their refusal. The Moravians consequently were regarded with ill-will; and the converts

were looked upon as being on the side of the British Government.

Through various causes the Moravians came to be regarded by the Indians with suspicion and even hate; and the increasingly bitter feeling prevalent against them culminated in an attack upon one of their mission-stations, which, though terrible and disastrous in its immediate results, was not without an ultimate good effect.

One evening the missionaries, while at supper in their house on the banks of the Mahoney, were disturbed by the continual barking of their dogs. One of their number on going to the door to discover the cause found that the place was surrounded by Indians, evidently of hostile intent. One of the Indians fired at him; and he, thinking discretion the better part of valour, and knowing that whoever remained in the house would be absolutely at the mercy of the Indians, made good his escape under cover of the darkness and hid in the woods close at hand.

Meanwhile the missionaries remaining in the house, hearing the report of the gun and knowing therefore that danger probably threatened them at the rear of the house, opened the front-door, hoping to escape. But there another company of Indians met them, and at once opened fire upon them. One of them, Martin Nitschmann, fell dead on the spot; and most of the others, rushing back into the house, made their way to the garret and succeeded in barricading the door by piling furniture against it before the Indians reached them.

The Indians made a furious attack upon the door,

which, however, withstood the onslaught; and thereupon the savages went down-stairs and deliberately fired the house, the result being that most of the unfortunate inmates were literally roasted to death. Eleven men, women and children then fell victims to the senseless and utterly unmerited fury of these savages; five only of the party, who had not joined the others in the rush for the garret, having escaped.

To the general body of the Moravian missionaries, however, the terrible affair proved a blessing in disguise. For it showed how entirely unjust were the accusations that had been made against them. It had been said of them that they had secretly assisted the French, and that they were unfriendly to the English settlers because they would not tolerate interference with the Indians under their care. Now, however, they had been the first to suffer at the hands of the hostile Indians; and thus it was seen that their position was absolutely neutral; that their desire was not to aid either faction, but solely to continue their own work of spreading Gospel truth.

Public opinion, at least for a time, altered very much in favour of the Moravians after that terrible experience; and, although many troubles fell to their lot in later years, it is certain that they gained ultimately through having been persecuted falsely for Christ's sake.

Throughout this time of persecution and trial Zeisberger remained calm and steadfast, encouraging his people, and even making plans for the extension of his work. Harassed, impeded by every expedient that savage minds could devise, he yet persevered; and

"THE INDIANS MET THEM, AND AT ONCE OPENED FIRE UPON THEM."

even imprisonment and personal violence could not quell the missionary ardour of this hero of the cross. At eighty years of age, feeble in body though vigorous in mind, he founded his last mission-station; and to the end of his life, ten years later, he never ceased to work and pray for the cause so dear to his heart.

Sadly he owned at the end that he could not see much result for all his labour, for there was little trace of any permanent reformation amongst the tribes he had tried so hard to win to the service of Christ. But as to that, who shall say? God is the judge; and not one effort, however weak and apparently unavailing, if made in His name and for His sake, is without its influence on the destinies of the world over which He rules.

JOHN ANTES' ORDEAL

Amongst comparatively modern efforts for the evangelization of Egypt none are more noteworthy, none are fuller of interest and pathos than those of the Moravian Mission. For thirty years this mission laboured in the land of the Pharaohs, and only relinquished the field when repeated failure forced them to abandon it.

During the long time that this mission strove to establish Christianity amongst the Egyptians, many devoted missionaries gave themselves to its service; and of them all not one "suffered gladly" such extreme persecution as John Antes, who has left a record of his experiences in Egypt that is hardly equalled in missionary literature for its simple, unassuming recital of persecution bravely and uncomplainingly borne for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ and the extension of His kingdom.

It was in the year 1769 that John Antes was invited to go to Cairo as a Moravian missionary. On the 3rd of October he began his journey; and it was not until three or four months later, after innumerable vexatious delays and not a little personal suffering, that he reached Cairo. His own description of the last stage

of the journey—the boat trip from Alexandria to Cairo —is worth quoting. He says :—

"I had to wait six days at Alexandria before the boat sailed for Cairo. My guide had provided plenty of provisions for the journey up the river, which commonly lasts from three to four or at the most six days. However, the end of my trials had not yet come, for I was eighteen days on the passage.

"It often rains very hard in Lower Egypt, and as the deck was not water-tight, the water got into my cabin. My bed grew mouldy, as likewise my provisions, which at length were quite exhausted. I had now to subsist on the rice-bread of the Arabs, which was hardly to be distinguished from black clay. However, this meagre diet saved me from a fit of the ague.

"We had such contrary and boisterous winds that we were obliged to lie at anchor before some miserable village, or in the middle of the stream, for four or five days together.

"At length, on the 10th of February, we arrived at Bulac, the harbour of Grand Cairo, where, as if to complete our misfortunes, we stranded on a sandbank in the middle of the river. I made signs, and was soon fetched on shore by a boat, when I immediately proceeded to Cairo, with my heart full of a deep sense of gratitude for all the mercy and protection experienced during this eventful journey. The Lord never failed to grant me, on every trying occasion, just that help which was necessary to enable me to bear it, and to increase my confidence in Him."

The main object of Antes' missionary enterprise was to penetrate to Abyssinia, and establish the mission

there; but he soon found that the state of the country precluded all possibility of this; so the missionary busied himself in Cairo, where there was certainly need of the presence and influence of Christians. But even here the work was disappointing. "The people," he says, "appear to assent to everything that is said; but it is easily seen that, though they have a custom of speaking in Scripture phrases, and, out of compliment to me, express their approbation of my teaching, their hearts remain untouched, so that I call daily upon the Lord to hasten their conversion."

One incident in the career of John Antes during his residence in Cairo is recorded by himself, as showing to what length cruelty and greed will cause heathen people to go in their persecution of one whose avowed object is only to bring them the good news of salvation and to help them to rise to a higher moral level. The story he tells is as follows:—

During his residence at Cairo, he and his fellow-missionaries lived in a confined part of the city, not far from the great canal, which, from the middle of October to the June following, was, he found, very offensive, owing to the habits of the people living in the neighbouring houses, who used it as a general receptacle for all sorts of refuse. In order as far as possible to counteract the menace to health caused by this pollution of the canal, he spent as much of his time as he could away from its vicinity, in the fields round about the city. He soon discovered, however, that aimless wandering in the fields made him drowsy and disinclined for exertion, so that he was "always inclined to sit down to rest under the shade of a tree." He knew very well

that exercise rather than rest was what he most needed to keep himself in good bodily health ; so, in order to remedy this tendency to laziness, he sometimes took a fowling-piece with him, as the foreigners inhabiting the city were allowed to use a gun whenever and wherever they pleased, "the natives being too indolent to fatigue themselves with shooting."

It was necessary, however, to keep out of the way of the Beys, and other men in power, as foreigners falling into the hands of these officials were sometimes very badly treated. It was usually easy to avoid them, however, as they were generally accompanied by a considerable number of men ; and, thanks to the features of the country, could be seen from a good distance.

"When, therefore," says the missionary, "I observed any of them, I generally avoided approaching them, knowing how ready they are, under some pretext or other, to extort money, especially from Europeans, whom they suppose to be rich."

For nine years out of the twelve which he spent in Cairo, John Antes managed to avoid coming into contact with any of these rapacious and merciless tyrants. But, alas ! there came a day when he fell into their clutches ; and what befell him then is best told in his own words :—

"It happened," he says, "that I had been walking out with the Venetian Consul. As we were returning, about half-an-hour before sunset, being near the city gate, we were observed by some Mamelukes belonging to Osman Bey, two of whom came galloping towards us, followed by some men on foot.

"They immediately stripped us of whatever we had

about us of any value, demanding one hundred maktubs (each in value about seven shillings and sixpence), threatening to take us before their master unless we immediately gave them the money. I told them that we had no such sum about us, and, taking out my purse, offered it to them. They took it; but, finding that it contained only twenty-five shillings in small silver pieces, threw it back with disdain, crying 'Dahab!' (gold).

"Knowing that I had nothing to expect but ill-treatment, I told them that I had no gold with me, but that if they would go with me to my home I would give them some. Upon this they cursed me; and ten more of the same gang, upon horseback, having joined them, they repeated their demand. I again answered that I had no gold about me, but that I would give them some if they would go with me.

"At last their chief accosted me. 'Go you home and fetch your gold,' he said, 'but we will keep your companion here as a hostage, and, if you do not soon return, cut off his head!' When I saw the poor man crying, and trembling all over, I could not think of leaving him in the hands of these tigers and escaping myself. I therefore told him that he might go and fetch the money, and I would stay with them.

"As the Mamelukes durst not stay away from their master till my companion could return, one of them rode up to the Bey and told him they had seized a European from whom something might be got. The man soon returned, and then, taking me between their horses, they dragged me to the place where the Bey was sitting.

"When I came near him I addressed him with the usual phrase, 'I am under your protection'; to which, if they are not maliciously inclined, they answer, 'You are welcome.' But, instead of answering at all he stared furiously at me, and said, 'Who are you?' I replied, 'I am an Englishman.' 'What are you doing here in the night?' was his next question. 'You must be a thief. Aye, aye, most likely the one who did such and such a thing the other day.' 'I was entering the city gates half-an-hour before sunset,' I protested, 'when I was taken by your Mamelukes, and detained until now, when it is dark; but yet it is not an hour after sunset, which is the regular time for shutting the gates.'

"Without saying anything in reply he ordered me to be taken to the castle, a building at some distance out of the city. Every month one of the Beys takes his station in rotation there, in order to guard the city by night against wandering Arabs. This month happened to be the turn of Osman Bey.

"I wanted to say a few words more, but was prevented by a horde of servants, who are always glad to insult a European. One gave me a kick on one side, another on the other; one spat in my face, while another put a rope about my neck, made of the filaments of the date-tree, which are much rougher than horsehair. By this rope a fellow in rags was ordered to drag me along, and another on horseback, armed with a sword and pistols, to guard me.

"As we proceeded towards the Bey's castle, my conductor advised me to give the guard money and he would let me go. The word *money* operated like an

electric shock. The guard galloped up to me and asked me if I had any money left. I told him I would give him what I had if he would let me go; and accordingly gave him the purse which the Mamelukes had refused. Having looked at it, he put it into his pocket without saying a word, still driving me forward, till we arrived at the castle. I was then put into a dungeon, a large iron chain was put round my neck, secured by a padlock, and the other end fastened to a piece of timber. The servants, hoping to be rewarded, furnished me with water; but by no offer could I prevail upon them either to let me have pen and ink, or to take a letter for me to my friends in the city to inform them of my situation. Neither indeed durst they have gratified me without danger to themselves. Being stripped of my upper garments I was more afraid of taking cold than anything else.

"In about half-an-hour the Bey arrived with his retinue. He went up-stairs into a room, sat down in a corner, and all his people placed themselves in a circle around him. I was then sent for, unchained, and led up-stairs by two men. On the stairs I heard the instruments used for the bastinado rattle, and guessed what I had to expect.

"On entering, I found a small Persian carpet spread for me. This was a mark of civility due only to a gentleman; for the common people, when about to receive the bastinado, are thrown upon the bare ground.

"The Bey again asked me who I was, and again I replied, 'An Englishman.' 'What is your business?' was his next inquiry, and I said 'I live by what God

sends' (a customary Arabic phrase). He then exclaimed, 'Throw him down!' I asked what I had done to deserve the cruel treatment with which I was threatened. 'You dog!' he cried, 'how dare you ask what you have done! Throw him down!'

"The servants then threw me flat upon my face, and with a strong staff, about six feet long, having a piece of iron chain fixed to each end, fastened my feet above the ankles. Then two men, twisting staff and chain together, turned up the soles of my feet; and being provided with what they call a corbage (which consists of a strap of the skin of the hippopotamus, about a yard in length, rather thicker than a man's finger, half cured, and very tough and hard), waited for their master's orders.

"When they had placed me in this position an officer came and whispered into my ear, 'Do not suffer yourself to be beaten, give him a thousand dollars and he will let you go.' I reflected that if I offered anything he would probably send one of his men along with me to receive it, and that I should then be obliged to open my strong chest, in which I kept not only my own money, but considerable sums, belonging to others, left with me in trust, and that the whole of this would in all probability be carried away at the same time. Being, therefore, determined not to involve others in my misfortunes, I answered, 'I have no money to give!' upon which he immediately ordered them to begin.

"This they did, at first moderately, but I soon gave myself up for lost, knowing that my life depended entirely upon the caprice of an unfeeling tyrant; and,

not expecting to fare better than others who had been the victims of this barbarity, I had no other refuge but the mercy of my God, and commended my soul to Him. I experienced His support so powerfully on this trying occasion that all fear of death was taken from me, and I could cheerfully resign my life into His hands.

"After they had beaten me for some time, the officer again whispered into my ear the word *money;* but now the sum was doubled. I again answered, 'I have none here.' They then laid on more roughly, and every stroke felt like the application of a red-hot poker. At length the same officer, thinking that though I had no money I might have some costly goods, once more whispered something to that effect. As I knew that English fire-arms often take their fancy even more than money, I offered him a blunderbuss, richly mounted with silver, which I could have got at without opening my strong chest. The Bey, observing me speak to the officer, with a sneer exclaimed, 'Bir, Carabini!' (Only a blunderbuss!). And then he repeated 'Beat the dog!'

"They then began to strike with all their might. At first the pain was excruciating, but after a time all sensation ceased. I seriously believed that they meant to beat me to death; and in my own language I commended my soul to Jesus Christ, my Saviour. When at length the Bey saw that no money could be extorted from me, he probably thought that after all I might be a poor man; and, as I had done nothing to deserve such punishment, he ordered them to let me go.

"I was now compelled to walk down to my prison, the

chain being again put about my neck. In about half-an-hour a messenger came with orders to bring me up again. The servants then took off the chain and carried me till I was near the door, when I was told to walk in, or the Bey would beat me again.

"At first I was in much fear, thinking that some one might have told him that with a little more beating money might yet be obtained. There are indeed instances of the bastinado having been repeated three days successively, to the number of two thousand strokes, when the feet are rendered past all cure. Persons of very strong constitutions have been known to survive even such an ordeal as this; but generally, after about five or six hundred strokes the victim dies, either under or immediately after the torture.

"When I came before the Bey he asked one of his officers, 'Is this the man you told me of?' The officer, stepping up to me, and staring me in the face, suddenly raised his hands and cried out, 'By Allah! it is! Ah! This is the best man in Cairo, and my very particular friend! Oh, how sorry am I that I was not here before to tell you so!' with other expressions of the same kind. The Bey answered, 'Then take him; I give him to you, and if he has lost anything see that it is restored.' I had never in my life seen the officer before, and I soon understood that this was merely a deceitful way of getting rid of me.

"Once more I was obliged to walk until I was out of the Bey's sight, when the servants of my pretended friend took me up and carried me to his house. Here he offered me something to eat, and made up a tolerably

decent bed for me, which was the more welcome as a great part of my clothes had been torn off my back, and I felt very cold. The only garment that was returned to me was an old Cashmere shawl.

"I asked the officer whether what had happened to me was a proof of the boasted hospitality of his countrymen to strangers. But all the answer he vouchsafed me was, 'Min Allah! Maktub! Mukkadder! It is from God! It is so written in the book of fate, which cannot be altered!' He, however, anointed my feet with some healing balsam and tied rags about them. I then lay down and spent a very uncomfortable night in great pain. In the morning he asked me whether I was acquainted with the master of the customs; and when I informed him that he was my good friend he offered to bring me to him; and setting me upon an ass, himself mounting a horse, we proceeded towards the city, accompanied by another soldier.

"When we arrived at the house of the master of the customs, he was shocked to see me in such a condition. I requested him to settle everything for me with my pretended deliverer, and I found I had to pay about twenty pounds, the whole farce being intended to play a little money into the hands of the Bey's officer. His servants then carried me home and put me to bed. I was confined to my bed for about six weeks before I could walk on crutches; and for full three years afterwards my feet and ankles, which had been hurt by the twisting of the chain, often swelled."

In 1781, after a residence of twelve years in Egypt, John Antes returned to his own land, and subsequently

accomplished a great deal of effective Christian work. Of his sojourn in Egypt he writes :—

"That period of my life will for ever remain most important to me. When I reflect upon the many heavy and trying occurrences which would sometimes make me and my brethren faint-hearted as to the aim of our mission; on the dangers for soul and body; the artful snares laid to draw me into gross transgression, and the sinful practices daily before my eyes, I am constrained to praise and extol the unwearied faithfulness of my God and Saviour, who caused my heart to cleave to Him under all circumstances, and protected me with an unseen hand.

"One thing I must be permitted to add, namely, that I found it not so easy as those who live in a Christian country may imagine, always boldly to confess the name of Christ before scoffers and reviling Mahommedans; and though when reproached with being a Christian I would answer 'God be praised!' I sometimes felt pride stirring within me, and resented the indignity attached to the name. This has made me often turn for help and strength to my Saviour, and He never suffered me to deny Him before men."

Such a testimony as that from such a man is a striking tribute to that Power which is able to make men strong unto salvation, and to keep them constant to their faith, however bitter may be the experience which tries them. It is comparatively an easy thing to be a Christian amongst Christians; but to remain true to Christ and His religion amongst those who revile His followers is difficult indeed; and all who, under such circumstances, keep loyal to Him, are well deserving

of the reward promised to those who are reviled and persecuted for righteousness' sake.

That John Antes achieved little apparent success as a missionary during the twelve years of his sojourn in Egypt is nothing to his discredit. The reason of his failure must be sought not in the man himself but in the conditions under which he was called to labour. Those years were by no means wasted, since in them he proved what manner of man he was, and showed to the world by the terrible experiences through which he passed that, whatever the hardships that have to be borne, however severe the struggle may be,

> "Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
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